the weekly Standard

SEPTEMBER 15, 2003 / $3.95

BEWARE OF DEAN
Stephen Moore

CALIFORNIA GAMBLING
David Devoss

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

AMERICA'S UNAVOIDABLE RESPONSIBILITY IN IRAQ
ROBERT KAGAN & WILLIAM KRISTOL

THE SUCCESS OF THE TROOPS
MAX BOOT

THE FAILURE OF RUMSFELD
TOM DONNELLY

WHY THE U.N. SOLVES NOTHING
REUEL MARC GERECHT

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Contents

September 15, 2003 • Volume 9, Number 1

2 Scrapbook..... *Wesley Clark, Evelyn Waugh, and more.*

4 Casual ..... *Matthew Continetti, friend of the friendless.*

6 Correspondence ..... *Neocons, the BBC, etc.*

9 Editorial ..... *America's Responsibility*

Articles

12 Be Careful What You Wish For *Depending on foreign troops in Iraq is asking for trouble.*... BY REUEL MARC GERECHT

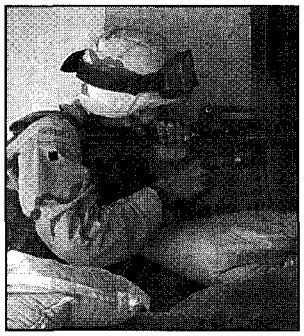
14 The Appeal of Howard Dean *Why he could be Bush's most dangerous opponent*..... BY STEPHEN MOORE

16 Secretary of Stubbornness *Donald Rumsfeld's idée fixe endangers success in Iraq*..... BY TOM DONNELLY

18 California Gambling *Heap big casinos in residential neighborhoods*..... BY DAVID DEVOSS

20 Conan the Resuscitator *Will Schwarzenegger revive the fortunes of the Kennedys and the GOP?*..... BY NOEMIE EMERY

23 Avoiding McGovernism *How the Democrats can compete on foreign policy*..... BY MARC GINSBERG



Cover: Getty / Marco Di Lauro

Features

25 Reconstructing Iraq

With the Marines in the south and the 101st Airborne in the north..... BY MAX BOOT

31 California's Other Race

The dishonest assault on the Racial Privacy Initiative..... BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

Books & Arts

35 Aldous Huxley's World *The satirist as mystic*..... BY BRIAN MURRAY

38 Russian Roulette *Will the new Russia commit suicide?*..... BY SEAN MCMEEKIN

40 Weimar Lives! *German expressionism in New York today*..... BY THOMAS M. DISCH

43 THE STANDARD READER ..... *In brief:* How Ronald Reagan Changed My Life *and* The Last Alchemist.

44 Parody..... *Schwarzenegger on the issues.*

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the weekly Standard

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Wesley Clark's Source, Cont.

General Wesley Clark—potential candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination—has come one step closer to revealing the identity of the mysterious caller who irresponsibly urged him to go on CNN and accuse Saddam Hussein of links to the attacks on the World Trade Center and Pentagon. On MSNBC's *Buchanan & Press*, Clark provided more biographical detail about the source, whose identity he still won't reveal.

Some background: As we detailed on this page a few weeks ago, Clark told NBC's Tim Russert in June that "people around the White House" engaged in a "concerted effort" to link the 9/11 terrorist attacks to Iraqi ex-dictator Saddam Hussein. When Russert asked Clark whom he was accusing, Clark replied: "It came from the White House, it came from people around the White House. It came from all over. I got a call on 9/11. I was on CNN, and I got a call at my home saying, 'You've got to say this is connected. This is state-sponsored terrorism.'"

Clark later clarified that the mystery caller wasn't from the White House. As he told Fox's Sean Hannity, the call came "from a fellow in Canada who is part of a Middle Eastern think tank who gets inside intelligence information. He called me on 9/11." A few days after his appearance on *Hannity and Colmes*, Clark wrote a letter to the *New York Times* saying that he "received a call from a Middle East think tank from outside the country, asking me to link 9/11 to Saddam Hussein."

This is where Clark's story takes a turn for the surreal. Because the Canadians THE SCRAPBOOK talks to are pretty certain that there isn't "a Middle East think tank" anywhere to be found within the borders of our northern neighbor. "I do not know of any Middle East think tank in Canada," says Janice Stein, an acclaimed Middle East scholar at the University of Toronto. "There are numerous Middle East experts, but no think tank devoted to the Middle East in Canada."

So you can imagine our surprise when Clark appeared on the August 25 edition of *Buchanan & Press* and once again said that his caller came from a Middle East think tank in Canada. Why does he continue to protect the identity of a man who was not a source in the usual sense but rather lobbied Clark to tell an untruth on national television? Your guess is as good as ours. Here's the latest exchange:

BILL PRESS: THE WEEKLY STANDARD last week did a little research and said, "You would think Clark has a positive duty to expose the man. But that assumes he exists." They say, General, there is no Middle East think tank in Canada. You made the whole thing up.... Who called?

CLARK: "A man from a—of a Middle East think tank in Canada, the man who's the brother of a very close friend of mine in Belgium. He's very well connected to Israeli intelligence and he follows Middle Eastern events very closely. And so when he called, I listened and I returned the call. I subsequently discovered that at the same time people in and around the White House were also attempting to use this as an opportunity to pin the tail on Saddam. And so, it came from all over. It's exactly what I said. I haven't changed my position. There's no waffling on it. It's just as clear as it could be. There was a concerted effort made in many quarters to link 9/11 to Saddam and it's not true. There's never been any evidence that's established it."

Funny. There's never been any evidence that's established Clark's accusations, either. ♦

The Other 9/11

Here's our nominee for the most unseemly and opportunistic exploitation of the second anniversary of 9/11: This week, a host of lefty performers and media outlets will commemorate the "other" September 11 attacks—that is, September 11, 1973. Not familiar with the date? That's when Chilean general Augusto Pinochet overthrew socialist president Salvadore Allende in what was widely believed to be a U.S.-backed military coup. You have our permission to raise an eyebrow: The whole affair has the feeling of a playground competition between junior high kids ("My 9/11 was worse than your 9/11!").

Still, those of you interested in commemorating "the other 9/11" have a variety of activities to choose from. If you're in the Detroit area, be sure to check out the Broken Tooth Puppet Troupe and performance artiste Uptonogood's production of "The Other 9/11: Another Hemisphere Remembers (& Other Tales)." According to its press release, the show "uses shadow puppets and painted transparencies to illustrate connections between patterns in history and our everyday lives." So be sure to bring the kids.

SCRAPBOOK readers living in the U.K. can tune into BBC4's production of "Chile: The Other 9/11," which airs at 11 P.M. the night of the anniversary. In its listings for that day, BBC4

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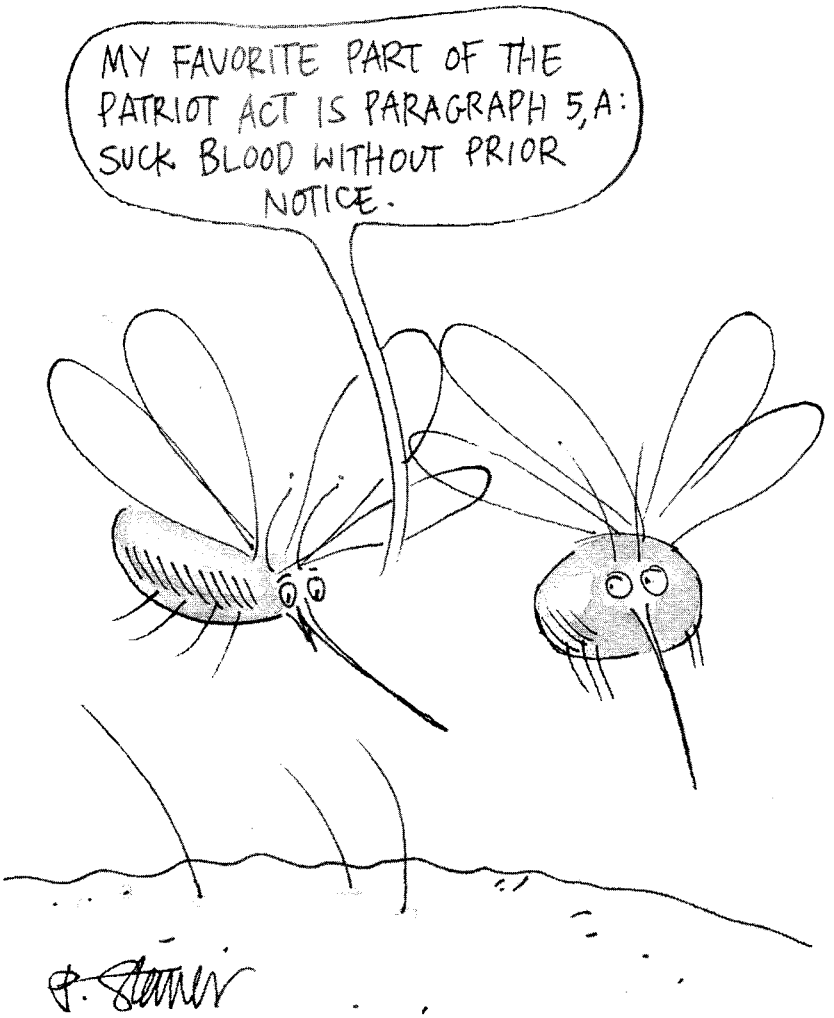

doesn't show any programming on the 9/11/01 attacks. (Neither do any of the other BBC channels, but we can't say that comes as a surprise.) ♦

Teddy-cons

In an article on Evelyn Waugh for the *New York Times Book Review*, journalist Jim Holt mentions in passing a startling fact. Noting that Waugh's literary reputation suffered after his death, Holt writes that "early in the Reagan-Thatcher era, [Waugh's] fame was renewed by the TV dramatization of his most loved (and hated) novel, *Brideshead Revisited*. The series was immensely popular, especially with young Anglophile neocons, some of whom carried around teddy bears in imitation of one of the characters."

Sebastian is of course the *Brideshead* character Holt is talking about—a Wildean poof who totes a little stuffed bear and orders up lavish champagne and oyster lunches for his Oxford chums, before coming to a most desperate end. But who are the "anglophile neocons" who imitated him? Neoconservatism is known for many things, but theatrically adolescent foppishness usually isn't one of them. Indeed the thought of some young fan of, say, Irving Kristol, clutching his itty-bitty teddy bear while reading the essay "When Virtue Loses All Her Loveliness" is almost as funny as Waugh's early novels. But who knows?

Our query to Holt has gone unanswered, but a likely explanation has surfaced. THE WEEKLY STANDARD's Christopher Caldwell recently wrote in *Slate* that when he was in his 20s, he'd had an acquaintance who adopted Sebastian's affectation. This anecdote appears to be the likely source of Holt's claim. Only Caldwell's fellow *Brideshead* fan happened not to be a budding neocon. A hint for Holt and other students of conservative culture: *Scoop* is probably the Waugh title most favored by neocons. ♦

Farewell

Attentive readers may have noted the absence from our masthead for the first time in eight years of David Brooks, a senior editor since this magazine's founding. To cushion the blow of his departure from our pages, we will take the rare step of encouraging our readers to turn to the *New York Times* op-ed page—though only on Tuesdays and Saturdays—where David will henceforth be a regular columnist. We wish him all the best. ♦

Help Wanted

THE WEEKLY STANDARD has an entry-level opening for a receptionist. Duties include answering phones, greeting visitors, sorting mail, handling back-issue requests, and various other administrative tasks. Please mail your résumé to: Human Resources, THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th Street, NW, Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036. Or fax (202) 293-4901. ♦

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Casual

THAT'S WHAT FRIENDSTER'S FOR

Chances are I have more friends than you do. In fact, I would venture to say I have thousands more friends than you do. Most people, if they count their every last confidant, drinking buddy, and acquaintance, come up with a list of maybe 200 people. Not me. I know for a fact that I have 112,842 friends.

How do I know this? Because I looked it up online. You see, I am a member of Friendster, the online friend-making community. Here's how it works. First, a friend of yours who is already a member of Friendster sends you an email inviting you to join the network. Once you decide to join, you visit the Friendster website, answer a few questions about yourself, and send in a photo. Then the website constructs your online profile. This is posted as part of the Friendster profile of the friend who sponsored you. Your friendship with that friend links you to all of that person's friends, and through them, you are linked to hundreds more. In only a matter of moments, someone like you can become as popular as I am. Your profile is now available to thousands of people, who have but to email you to broaden your potential acquaintance to thousands more.

Friendster is to relationship what Napster was to music. But Friendster is even better than Napster. There's no whiff of illegality about swapping friends online. Each time I download a song from the Internet, my hands get clammy, as if I were Winona Ryder lifting a handkerchief from Saks.

Not with Friendster. Friendster is absolutely legal. No one has found a way to copyright friends. That's a good thing, too, because otherwise I would have only two dozen friends. And if that were the case, I would feel like an idiot.

Truth be told, I'm not on a first-name basis with all of the 112,842 friends I met through Friendster. In fact, I don't even know 112,837 of them. The five friends I do know are your typical sort of friend—the type with whom you go to the movies, have dinner, or grab a beer. The others I call "Friendster friends."

Being a Friendster friend means that you are, in all probability, a strange person. Take my Friendster friend Electra (I've changed her name—though not that much—to protect the innocent). My computer tells me I know Electra because she is a friend of a friend of a friend. In her profile, Electra lists her occupation as "Valley Girl and agent provacateur," which is a fancy way of saying unemployed. Electra says she is "always getting in trouble," even when she "didn't mean to." She has an interest in tattoos. She says she's "passionate about things that seem trivial to others. Like mustaches, dad jokes, and masks." Electra is the type of girl your mother warned you about.

Some say Friendster is merely a meat market, an online dating service masquerading as an Internet friend clearinghouse. This is not true. I would never date any of my Friendster friends. If I met one of my virtual friends at Starbucks, for example, I probably wouldn't recognize them. But if I did, I would walk away. Fast.

In fact, the best thing about Friendster is that you don't have to interact with your Friendster friends. You can say you have more friends than anyone on the block, but never have to deal with real people. You don't even have to leave the house. I'm sure there are people out there who find they spend more time each week scrolling through the profiles of the various friends they have swapped on Friendster than they do interacting with their actual friends. I'm sure of this because I am one of them.

There is, of course, a downside to Friendster. Trolling through the site proves just how small people's sewing circles are. You and I are used to inhabiting Edmund Burke's "little platoons." But the social world of the Internet more closely resembles a horde of Mongols. It is hard to maneuver in this type of environment, and you find you aren't quite as unique as you thought you were. As strange as Electra seems, I discovered I share with her a fondness for the HBO sitcom *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. I'm not sure what disturbs me more: that there are millions of Larry David fans out there, or that I have something in common with Electra.

But the rewards of Friendster far outweigh the drawbacks. In our world—the world Robert Putnam describes in *Bowling Alone*, a study of the decline of civic life—it's often hard to meet new people. Friendster helps solve this problem. It's even possible that Friendster is the future of civil society, the first of many virtual coffeehouses and other "third places." That is, unless someone finds a way to patent friendship first.

MATTHEW CONTINETTI

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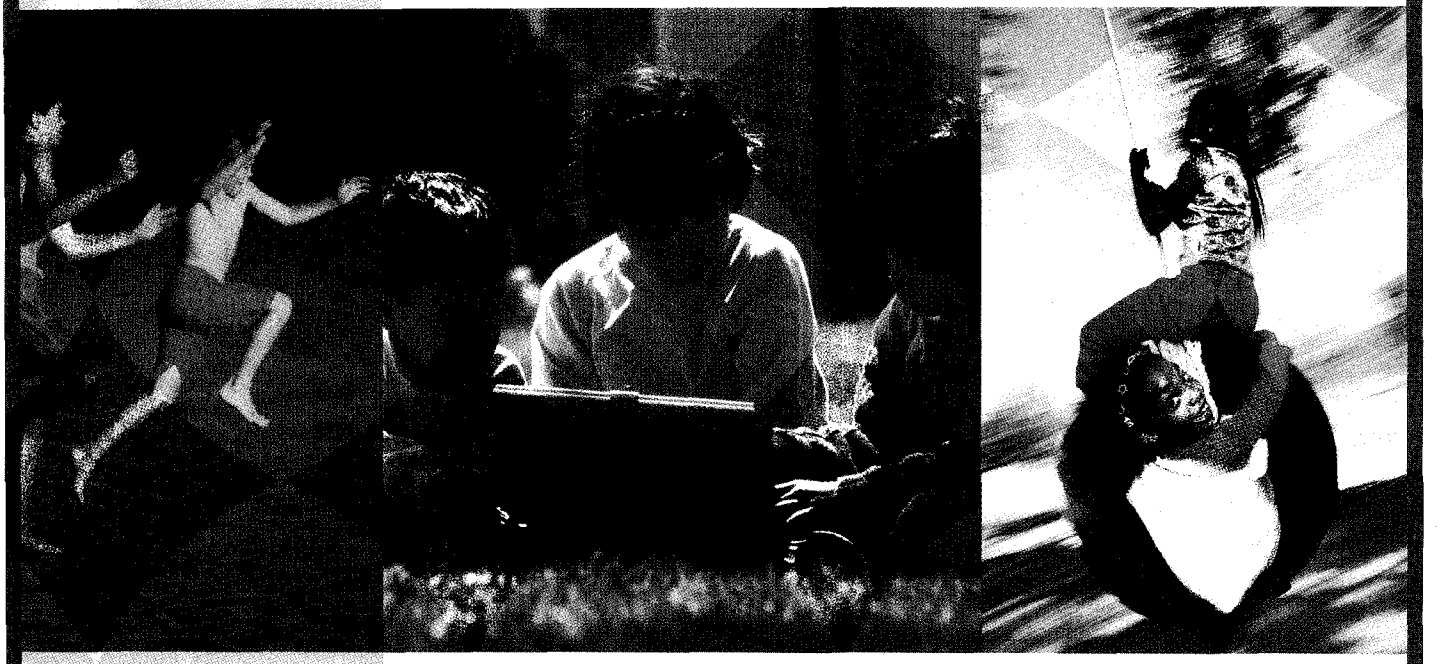

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Up Close & Personnel

The assertion by William Kristol and Robert Kagan ("Do What It Takes in Iraq," September 1/September 8) that "only a handful" of State Department employees have been at work in Iraq is simply wrong.

The facts speak for themselves. Thirty-three State Department officers deployed into Iraq with the first wave of civilians under General Jay Garner. Currently there are over 40 State officers serving throughout Iraq, and that number will increase to 60 in the next few weeks. And, contrary to Kristol and Kagan's unfounded comments that we are having trouble recruiting volunteers, more than 270 State Department employees have volunteered for service in Iraq—more than 80 of whom bring Arabic language capabilities to the job.

The State Department has been aggressive in identifying and making available some of our most capable and senior diplomats, including current and retired ambassadors to serve in Iraq. State Department officers have selflessly cut short assignments, left family members for extended periods of time, and worked side by side with the military in the most dangerous and difficult circumstances.

We will continue to work closely with the Defense Department and CPA administrator Bremer to provide the personnel resources necessary for success in Iraq. The outstanding men and women of the State Department's foreign and civil services are—and will remain—key to achieving the president's objectives in Iraq and the region.

Richard L. Armitage
Deputy Secretary of State
Washington, DC

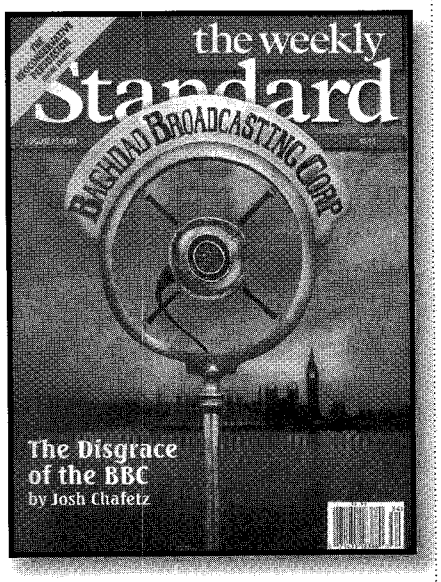
Neocontroversy

Irving Kristol ("The Neoconservative Persuasion," August 25) is of course authoritative on neoconservatism, but when he writes, "the historical task and political purpose of neoconservatism [was] to convert the Republican party, and American conservatism in general . . . into a new kind of conservative politics suitable to governing a modern democracy," I wonder what he makes of the fact that three of the four figures originally dubbed "neoconservative" (Daniel P. Moynihan, Daniel Bell, Nathan Glazer) were and remained Democrats. Isn't Kristol enfolding neoconservatism too completely within the Republican party? There was, and is, a neoconservative stream within the Democratic party, too.

Nathan Glazer
Cambridge, MA

The Bellicose Beeb

Josh Chafetz's "The Disgrace of the BBC" (August 25) is just the latest assault on the corporation's integrity and journalistic standards unleashed by our coverage of the war in Iraq. Many of



Chafetz's allegations relating to the story regarding the now notorious intelligence dossier which ended in the tragic death of David Kelly are best left to Lord Hutton to pronounce on in due course. Chafetz, however, seems guilty of some of the same approaches he accuses the BBC of, namely "sexing up" his own evidence to present his anti-BBC case.

"Throughout the war," he says, "the BBC was consistently—and correctly—accused of antiwar bias." Correctly? During the war we received many letters of complaint over our coverage, from those who felt we were biased against the war and from those who firmly believed the opposite. Perhaps it is best to point Chafetz to one of the few pieces of academic research that has been done on the subject rather than relying on the views of a few newspaper columnists. The University of Cardiff, in a report published in July 2003, said the BBC was "slightly more likely than other broadcasters to rely on official government or military sources." Hardly the action of unpatriotic subversives.

We are castigated for "moral equivalence at a time when Britain is at war with a brutal enemy and its servicemen are dying on the battlefield." His example of our "moral equivalence" is our reference to "British troops," not "our" troops. Language is at the heart of the BBC's role as a global broadcaster. BBC World Service attracts audiences of 153 million listeners every week, and BBC World reaches over 300 million homes worldwide. The reason they listen is because of our commitment to impartiality, objectivity, and internationalism. British troops are not "our" troops to most of those listeners. It is interesting to note the recent success of BBC World with American audiences during the Iraq war. Perhaps this is because they appreciate a view of the world less focused on the United States than that offered by their own national broadcasters.

On his critique of John Kampfner's story of the rescue of POW Jessica Lynch, Chafetz appears to have "spun" the facts in support of his own agenda here, leaving out details which might point to the Pentagon's news-management of the event. He does not mention the interviews with medical staff at the hospital telling us that Private Lynch was given the best treatment they could provide. "We gave her three bottles of blood, two of them from medical staff."

Dr. Harith al Houssona also told us that he had arranged to deliver Lynch to the American forces in an ambulance two days before the snatch. Yet, none of these details made it into the video on the incident released by the Pentagon. Is it not legitimate to question whether that might be because it didn't fit the story the U.S. military was attempting to tell about the event?

Chafetz also makes the mischievous claim that public confidence in the BBC has fallen by a third in the last nine months. He fails to state what data he is relying on for this claim. It is possible he

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is comparing a recent ITC/BSC poll which showed that 92 percent of the public trusted the news on BBC One, with a recent survey by Mori which asked people who they trusted more on the David Kelly question—the government or the BBC? Two quite different questions. His standards on the use of surveys would not be acceptable on BBC outlets.

Chafetz selectively chooses his evidence to present a case for why the BBC should no longer be funded by the license fee. He is not alone in this view. It is shared by many of our commercial competitors and those who believe a free market economy should also apply to broadcasting. Many of these groups have good reasons for preferring a weakened BBC.

FRAN UNSWORTH
Head of Political Programmes, BBC
London, U.K.

CRIMES OF THE PASSION

NO MATTER how much Michael Novak tries to retrofit *The Passion* into the salutary teachings of Vatican II, normative Catholic teaching, and what Catholic theological authorities in America think, it doesn't wash ("Passion Play," August 25). Not even Mel Gibson himself makes this claim. After viewing the film, I asked Gibson publicly about the movie's conflict with *Nostra Aetate*, papal statements, and the U.S. Catholic bishops' guidelines for the presentation of passion narratives. He responded, "There is a lot of revisionism going on."

I was among the group of nine Jewish and Catholic experts who reviewed an early screenplay not materially different from the version of the film I saw regarding its depiction of Jews. The Catholic theologians found the script "to be without regard for Catholic principles of biblical interpretation" and that it "violates magisterial Catholic documents." One question is relevant: If *The Passion* is consistent with the Nicene creed and the principles of Vatican II, why doesn't Gibson respond to these theologians' concerns?

Contrary to Novak's wishes, the film does not communicate that Jesus died for the sins of all. A central motif that is graphically repeated throughout the film is that the Jewish religious authorities and the Jewish mob (all those Jews who are not proto-Christian) force the decision of crucifixion on an unwilling Pilate. One prominent interfaith expert who viewed the film said that its mob scene is worse than the one in the infamous Oberammergau play. New Testament experts know the message of the film to be both historical fantasy and bad theology.

Novak correctly states that "God cannot be unfaithful to his promises" and "Jews still remain very close to God." This truth has been repeated many times by Pope John Paul II. Yet the film implies precisely the opposite. One final scene depicts the destruction of the Temple (i.e., the representation of Judaism) as a punishment for Jewish guilt in killing Jesus, intimating the old supersessionist and contempt theologies repudiated by responsible churches around the world.

Yes, as Novak claims, Mel Gibson did not set out to make an academic documentary. Had he done so, he would have consulted experts in the field. However, Gibson is now promoting the film as "the truth" and deceiving an unsuspecting public into thinking his film has historical credibility. Its flaws, from the wrong language, to incorrect dating of biblical quotes, to its reliance on the mystical visions of 19th-century anti-Semitic nuns, are glaring and substantively color the film's message.

Finally, it is not true that the film "is not divisive or dangerous for Jews." Anti-Semitism is flourishing in Europe and the Middle East. The anti-Semites there will love this film. In America, Jewish organizations and the Christian critics of the film have already been flooded with viciously anti-Semitic emails.

Those ignorant of the tortured history and problematic theologies of passion narratives may see Gibson's movie as innocuous. Such a blissfully naive assessment plays havoc with both Jewish welfare and intellectual honesty.

RABBI EUGENE KORN
Director, Interfaith Affairs
Anti-Defamation League
New York, NY

MICHAEL NOVAK RESPONDS: Rabbi Korn's fears may be legitimate, but it is not admirable of him, as a method of art criticism, to begin by defaming the artist. In assessing the work of James Joyce or Graham Greene, one does not start with the content of their character, the sins of their fathers, or their precise standing within the Catholic Church.

As to the movie itself, Rabbi Korn could not be more wrong. The crucial question is not who is responsible for the death of Jesus, but who is Jesus. From its first moments this film says that the events to follow spring from God's will, in order that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. Christians believe that Jesus is "one in being with the Father" and that he accepted his death willingly "for the sins of all." In *Nostra Aetate*, the Second Vatican Council declared: "The Church believes that Christ who is our peace has through his cross reconciled Jews and Gentiles and made them one in himself." Mel Gibson's film hits that note, and Christians will not miss it.

In America, moreover, Jewish-Christian relations are among the best, warmest, and most mutually respectful in history. So, I cannot understand why the ADL wants us to accept Rabbi Korn's interpretation of the film. It isn't correct—and it can only do harm. Jewish leaders are not the only ones receiving hate mail on account of this controversy. From Jews, with searing memories of past sufferings, vigorous expressions of anti-Christian passion arrive frequently. If Rabbi Korn's tendentious evaluation of Mel Gibson's *The Passion* persuades large numbers of either Christians or Jews, no one is served.

• • •

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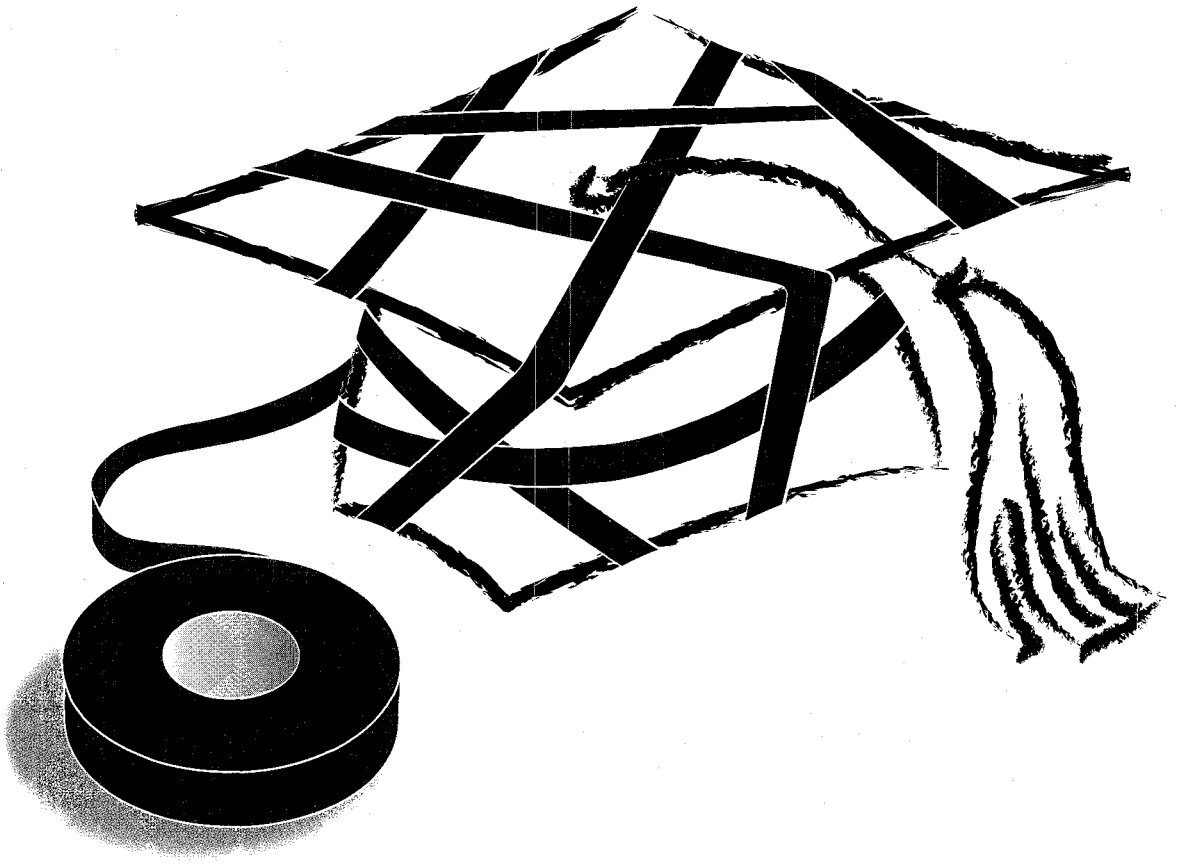

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the weekly Standard

America's Responsibility

Desperation breeds illusions. The latest illusion, embraced reluctantly by the Bush administration and enthusiastically by its critics, is that the burden of establishing and maintaining security in Iraq can be substantially shifted off American shoulders and onto someone else's—whether it be the United Nations, Turkey, India, or the poor Iraqi people themselves. In principle, there is nothing wrong with trying to shift control back to the Iraqis. That should be our goal. Nor would any reasonable person deny that international assistance is essential to rebuilding Iraq. But what we are witnessing today is neither prudent multilateralism nor the normal, gradual process of turning power over to Iraqis that we all expected to occur over time. On both the international and Iraqi fronts, the administration's actions are being driven by the realization that there are too few American troops in Iraq.

At least the administration has begun dropping the pretense that everything is under control in Iraq and that the civilian authority has the resources and the field commanders the troops that they need. Last week the commander of U.S. forces in Iraq, Lt. General Ricardo Sanchez, admitted that his forces could not handle any new eruption of conflict in Iraq should one occur. "If a militia or an internal conflict of some nature were to erupt," Gen. Sanchez told reporters in Baghdad, ". . . that would be a challenge out there that I do not have sufficient forces for." So when Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld says the United States has enough forces on the ground in Iraq, what he means is that we have enough so long as nothing untoward happens. But even that may be inaccurate. General Sanchez went on to acknowledge, as the Associated Press reported, that "the coalition lacks sufficient troops to protect Iraq's porous borders or its thousands of miles of highways." This is a special problem inasmuch as the main "security challenges" Sanchez sees "looming in the future" include the infiltration of al Qaeda and other foreign forces across those porous borders and along those highways.

It's not surprising, therefore, that the American officials most eager for a U.N. resolution these days are to be found not just in the State Department but also among the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the commanders of U.S. forces in Iraq. Secretary of State Powell's aides spun the press about their boss's big victory over Rumsfeld, thus perpetuating the petty personal feuds that plague this administration even during times of crisis. But in fact the administration's new push for U.N. backing is not a victory for the multilateralist spirit Powell allegedly harbors. It is a simple matter of an unwillingness by America's leaders to shoulder the necessary military burden.

But the bad news for the U.S. military, and for all those out there who would like to see us shift some of the burden of the Iraqi occupation to the U.N. over the next few months, is that we aren't likely to get more troops from the international community. It's a good bet France will strike a hard bargain before agreeing to any resolution acceptable to the administration—if it ever does. But even if a new resolution passes, don't expect a big influx of foreign forces. The Europeans have few, if any, troops to spare. India and Turkey, who are the real targets of the administration's diplomatic efforts, show every sign of not wanting to play. The Turkish government will apparently not even put the issue to a vote before October, and Turkish public opinion remains hostile to any deployment in Iraq. Nor should one have high hopes for India, where public opinion is also hostile and the government wary. After all, what country would want to rush troops into Iraq now when even the Americans have been unable to create a secure environment?

Never mind whether it is desirable to replace American troops with forces from Poland and Thailand and Mongolia in such sensitive places as Najaf. After the August 29 car bombing that killed the prominent Shia cleric Muhammad Bakr al-Hakim, the U.S. Marines decided to extend their stay in Najaf another two weeks. Two weeks? Will things be back to normal in Najaf in two weeks? Then there are other problems. As Reuel Marc Gerecht points out elsewhere in this issue, there is a real question whether non-American forces, and particularly Muslim forces from Turkey and Pakistan, will make the situation in Iraq better or worse. This week the newly appointed Iraqi foreign minister said he was not happy about the idea of Turkish troops in Iraq. There's symmetry to that, because the Turks aren't happy about the idea either.

In short, it is foolish—and we believe irresponsible—for the administration to place all its bets on being able to find tens of thousands of foreign forces to fill the dangerous gap in Iraq in the coming months. We have nothing in principle against seeking a new U.N. resolution, or in further "internationalizing" the occupation of Iraq, if that

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will help bring security to the country. But the fact is that, at the end of two months of U.N. diplomacy, the United States is unlikely to have found real help. And then what will the administration do?

The same desperation is driving the administration to accelerate its efforts to turn over responsibility for maintaining security in Iraq to Iraqis. Obviously this ought to be the goal, and the sooner the better. But there are real questions about how quickly a reliable Iraqi force can be put in place. The original plan was to take more than a year to stand up an Iraqi army, and more than a year to train an Iraqi police force to reasonable standards. Now that's all being accelerated. Why? Not because the administration is suddenly eager to put an Iraqi face on security. Not because it's been determined that Iraqis don't need that much training after all. No, the accelerated timetable is due entirely to the fact that security problems are proliferating, and the U.S. forces in place are insufficient to deal with the mounting crisis. But premature overreliance on Iraqi forces is a bad substitute for adequate U.S. forces. General Sanchez admits that a serious Iraqi force won't be ready for several months. That's probably optimistic.

And there's another problem. In the interest of finding capable Iraqis, the administration has apparently been turning increasingly to former employees of Saddam Hussein's elite military and security forces. According to the *Washington Post*'s Daniel Williams, "The need to quickly find skilled fighters and intelligence agents . . . has forced the Americans to dip into the ranks of units closely associated with Hussein." Most worrying if true is the fact that the new Interior Ministry's domestic intelligence network will, according to the *Post*, be "made up largely of secret police and intelligence agents from the ousted government." Administration officials say all recruits are "screened" to insure their loyalty to the new regime and their friendliness toward the United States. But as one Iraqi official commented, "Their ties may be difficult to break." And it only takes one or two mistakes in the vetting process to cause a catastrophe. Already American officials in Baghdad are investigating the possibility that the car bombing of police headquarters there may have involved Baathists within the new Iraqi security forces. Similar suspicions swirl around the bombing of the U.N. headquarters.

Plainly, there are no easy answers to the problems we face in Iraq right now. The American military is too small, thanks to a decade-and-a-half's irresponsible cutbacks, under Republican and Democratic administrations alike. The administration seems to find it difficult to admit that more troops are needed, in Iraq and in the armed forces generally. But every day, the reality of our predicament becomes harder to paper over. The difficult straits in which we find ourselves will become painfully apparent when the administration's pleas for help at the U.N. prove unavailing. We trust that before that moment arrives, the White House will make the hard decision to put in the U.S. troops necessary to do the job. Though it is true that our military is smaller than it should be, there are troops available for Iraq, if we are willing to call on combat elements from the Marines, the National Guard, and Special Forces.

Again, we have no principled objection to involving the United Nations, to seeking more international help, and to giving Iraqis more responsibility for their own country. But in present circumstances, the hasty efforts in this direction have about them an unmistakable air of buck-passing. Here we find the Bush administration and its Democratic critics in altogether too much agreement: It's been four months since the war ended, and already everyone wants to shift the burden of responsibility off America's shoulders and onto someone else's, and the sooner the better. Democrats call for internationalization in Iraq not simply because they like multilateralism but because, as both Howard Dean and John Kerry have said, it will allow us to "bring our boys home." In this formulation, the call for the U.N. to take the lead role in Iraq is really a kind of veiled McGovernism. The administration's push to stand up an Iraqi force ahead of schedule is a thinly veiled attempt to make up for the lack of American forces and the unwillingness to introduce more.

These efforts to shift responsibility onto others—regardless of whether they are ready, able, or willing—are wrong, and will in any case fail. The United States invaded Iraq, and did so for good reasons. It is the responsibility of the United States to build in Iraq a condition of security and stability, moving toward prosperity and democracy. Nor should we forget for a moment that the whole world is watching—especially Arabs and Muslims. Right now, a scant few months after the war, Washington already seems short of breath. This can only encourage our deadly enemies to escalate the pressure.

It is an illusion to imagine that this mess can be handed off to someone else and we can go on about our business. That option does not exist. The choices are stark: Either the United States does what it takes to succeed in Iraq, or we lose in Iraq. And if we lose, we will leave behind us not blue helmets but radicalism and chaos, a haven for terrorists, and a perception of American weakness and lack of resolve in the Middle East and reckless blundering around the world. That is the abyss we may be staring into if we do not shift course now.

We trust the president knows he cannot cut and run in Iraq. It is heartening that he has decided to send a large budget request for Iraq to Congress, though we fear he may actually have asked for too little in reconstruction funds. What we fear more, however, is that no amount of aid will suffice if Iraq remains insecure. The goal of a secure Iraq requires an unapologetic assertion of U.S. responsibility and a redoubling of U.S. effort—not clinging to illusions.

—Robert Kagan and William Kristol

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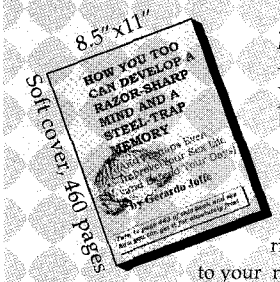

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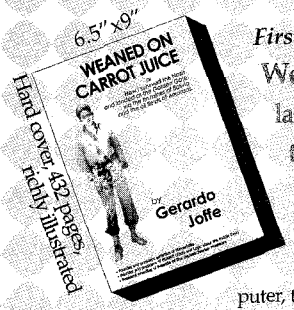

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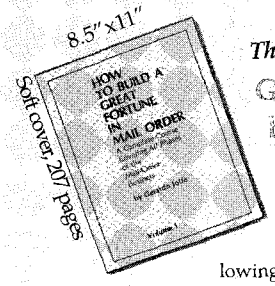

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Be Careful What You Wish For

Depending on foreign troops in Iraq is asking for trouble. BY REUEL MARC GERECHT

IN THE DEMOCRATIC and Republican stampede to find foreign troops to join American GIs in Iraq, virtually no regard has been paid to whether the deployment of these soldiers is wise given the history, culture, and prejudices of the Iraqi people. Both Secretary of State Colin Powell and Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld seem to believe that the United States and Iraq would be much better off if a wide array of foreign soldiers—especially Muslims from such countries as Turkey, Morocco, Egypt, Pakistan, and Bangladesh—backed up American GIs. Secretary Powell's views, of course, have been quite constant. He has essentially mirrored the opinion of the Democratic foreign-policy elite, which shares, on most issues, the preferences and reflexes of the foreign service.

This professional foreign-policy crowd wants to internationalize the conflict because liberal internationalists define success first and foremost through an institutionalized multilateral process. Consensus-building for them is in itself a moral good. Their generally Eurocentric lib-left disposition also makes it difficult for them to see success in any undertaking that seriously distances the western Europeans from Americans, as have both of America's Iraq wars. The truths that Osama bin Laden articulated in his manifestos—that America under Clinton had been, in the holy warriors' eyes, afraid and in retreat—understandably do not sit happily with Democrats. They'd much rather believe that American assertiveness and unilateralism provoke ill will. Most of the Democratic foreign-policy elite would have instinctively inclined toward the Brazilian U.N. diplomat Sergio Vieira de Mello when he remarked, a few days before he was slain by a suicide-bomber, that the Iraqi people viewed the United Nations positively, but not the Americans.

Foreign troops in Iraq will, the Democrats fervently hope, give us "cover" from increasing Iraqi violence and discontent. They will make an American occupation of Iraq seem more legitimate to the world and, *ipso facto*, more legitimate to Iraqis. International cooperation is thus pragmatically and spiritually the only way out for America in Iraq and elsewhere in the Middle East.

What the right believes about Iraq and foreign troops is much less intellectually consistent and generated more by panic. The recent bombings in Baghdad and Najaf have convulsed the Defense Department and the White House. Slowly but surely, the U.S. military and its civilian leadership have begun to contemplate an ugly possible truth: that most Iraqi Arab Sunnis, who were the power base for Saddam Hussein's rule, don't want to let go of Sunni domination of Iraqi society. It had been hoped in Washington that Arab Sunnis, who, after all, had also suffered under Saddam's totalitarianism, wouldn't actively support former Baathists and other potentially violent anti-American forces.

However, it appears that Arab Sunnis in Iraq have not collectively and in decisive numbers rejected the past and embraced a nonviolent path to some kind of democratic order—as have the vast majority of Kurds and Shiites. An increasingly sophisticated insurgency by these anti-American Sunni forces seems to be under way. This insurgency may prove short-lived; it certainly will if an overwhelming majority of Iraqi Sunnis reject the violence of the Baathists, the native jihadists, and the foreign holy warriors crossing the Syrian and Iranian borders. Hundreds of foreign holy warriors couldn't clandestinely live for long in Iraq's Sunni belt without a significant number of the surrounding population acquiescing to their presence. One of the main reasons why these same foreign holy warriors have not been crossing the Iran/Iraq border in the Shiite regions of the country is surely that the Shiites are hostile to their intentions.

The next few months will tell us whether the Sunnis have decisively separated themselves from the Shiites and Kurds. If they have, we will have no choice but to begin serious counterinsurgency operations throughout the troublesome Arab Sunni zones. Counterinsurgency actions always require lots of low-tech manpower. The American military should have swept through the "Sunni triangle" immediately after the fall of Baghdad, when the ex-Baathists and Sunni fundamentalists were more disorganized than they are now. Hundreds, if not thousands, of ex-Baathists and virulently anti-American Sunni fundamentalists should have been put in detention camps. (Iraq's Kurds and Shiites, about 80 percent of the country's population, would have cheered.) The military brass in Iraq, like many of the State Department civilians first sent to retired Lt. General Jay M. Garner's Office of Reconstruction and Humanitarian Assistance, favored retaining the services of senior Baathists and so failed to move decisively against the remnants of Saddam's regime, believing

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they were no longer a serious threat. Diehard Baathist military and internal-security officers were allowed to live unharassed. The Pentagon and the State Department must now compensate for past mistakes.

Rumsfeld and the White House hope to do so, it seems, by introducing more foreign troops. Rumsfeld, a forceful advocate of doing a lot with a small, up-to-date army, probably realizes that counterinsurgency operations may threaten the transformation of his forces. It's difficult to emphasize high-tech, high-impact, and mobility—all worthwhile goals for America's military—when the battlefield at hand demands old-fashioned, labor-intensive, very personal combat. More foreign troops deployed to low-danger police operations in theory would free up American soldiers for conflict in the Sunni triangle. It also might, in theory, allow more U.S. soldiers to go on R&R. Also, Rumsfeld, who has probably juxtaposed the word "democracy" with "Iraq" less often than any other senior U.S. official, may well see the future of his transformed U.S. military as strategically more important than the future composition of the Iraqi government.

The military brass, like Colin Powell, didn't want to fight this war. They are probably thinking more about an exit strategy for U.S. troops than they are about internal Iraqi politics. Getting more foreign troops in—handing security for Najaf, the seat of the Iraqi Shiite clergy, to the Spaniards—may cause them little anxiety. Ditto for Pakistani, Bangladeshi, or Moroccan troops. For the Pentagon and the White House (unlike the State Department and the Democratic party elite), the use of foreign troops in Iraq is just a pragmatic question. Calling up more National Guard units seems to be out of the question; calling up foreigners isn't.

It's just this type of pragmatism, however, that could irretrievably damage the Bush administration in Iraq and reverse the enormous progress it has made against terrorism. It has been possible—up until now—to find many Pentagon officials who realized, for example, that deploying French or Russian troops to Iraq would probably be highly counterproductive given the pro-Saddam reputation both have among the Shiites. Neither Frenchmen nor Russians are viewed in Iraq or anywhere else in the Middle East as harbingers of democracy.

Neither is the United Nations at all liked in Iraq. Indeed, many Arab Sunnis, Arab Shiites, and Kurds, for a variety of reasons, hate the institution with intensity. Once upon a time, the "right wing" of the Bush administration appeared to be sufficiently attuned to internal Iraqi dynamics to know that having the United Nations on its side was not necessarily beneficial. Many Pentagon and White House officials used to be keenly aware of the need to repair the image of American power in the Muslim Middle East. The war in Iraq was for them never just about finding weapons of mass destruction. Confronting the central tenet of bin Ladenism—that America is weak and cannot hold its ground against true-believers willing to die for the cause—helped animate the administration's fighting spirit after victory in Afghanistan. There is good reason to believe that here, too, the "right wing" of the administration is going wobbly. Negotiating with the French, Germans, and Russians at the United Nations immediately after the bombings in Baghdad and Najaf, as the administration did, clearly sends a signal to all but the blind and deaf that the United States can't take the heat. In the Middle East for the first time since Saddam's fall in April, you can hear the intelligentsia loudly (and hopefully) speculate about the United States' abandoning Iraq.

Frenchmen and Russians are not viewed in Iraq as harbingers of democracy. Neither is the United Nations at all liked. Many Arab Sunnis, Arab Shiites, and Kurds hate the institution with intensity.

The Bush administration's embrace of odd, counterproductive notions is nowhere more evident than in its energetic pursuit of foreign Muslim troops for Iraq. The reasoning for these deployments—which probably won't happen unless the United States gets the consent of the French, Germans, and Russians at the U.N.—apparently is that Iraqi Muslims would respect foreign Muslim troops more than they respect American soldiers. Leaving aside why in the world the Bush administration would want to deploy Muslim soldiers from nondemocratic countries to Iraq, the Muslim-likes-Muslim sentiment behind this argument is a myth. Middle Eastern history teaches the opposite. Since the dawn of the 19th century Muslim states have shown much greater confidence in the professionalism of Western soldiers than of fellow Muslims. Rulers and intellectuals may say nasty things about Westerners publicly, but privately they have consistently shown that they feel safer with infidels than they do with their own. After the first Gulf War, the Persian Gulf states made a big show of wanting the Egyptians and the Syrians, not the Americans, to assume the responsibility for their security. No Egyptian or Syrian soldier ever landed. The sheikhs and the intellectuals may hate us in their hearts; but they absolutely don't want to entrust their property, wives, and daughters to foreign Arab Muslims.

Shiite Iraqis in particular are acutely conscious that their Arab and Muslim brethren didn't support

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the war against Saddam. Indeed, Iraqis watched on Arab satellite television with bitter enmity and black humor the antiwar demonstrations throughout the Middle East (and in Europe).

It beggars the imagination to suggest that an Iraqi truck driver on the Amman-Baghdad highway will feel more secure with Moroccans or Bangladeshis doing road checks. It also beggars the imagination to believe that Shiite clerics will feel better knowing that Sunni Pakistanis—who are just a bit below Saudis in the Shiite pantheon of anti-Shiite Sunni fundamentalists—are patrolling their country. And nobody in Iraq is going to feel good about the Turks arriving in force. There is an argument for having the Turks assume certain security tasks in the Arab Sunni belt—Arab Sunnis would probably fear Turkish soldiers far more than they do Americans—but the negatives with the Kurds, who aren't fond of the Turks, and the Shiite clergy, who strongly reject Turkish secularism, easily outweigh the positives with the Arab Sunnis.

None of what the Bush administration is planning to do with foreign soldiers in Iraq makes much sense. Of course, the administration may luck out. The Sunni Arab insurrection in the central lands may blow over without ever testing the mettle and wisdom of the foreign troops spread throughout the country. Maybe no poorly trained, vodka-fond Ukrainian soldier will take liberties with a Shiite lass. Perhaps the foreign soldiers will follow American orders well and interact with the natives in the exemplary way that most American soldiers have done. It's possible. However, if you don't believe in luck in the Middle East, it might be wise to back the French. France's great-gaming and obduracy may just block a U.N. mandate that would unleash more foreign soldiers on Iraqi soil. It would be a delightful irony if Jacques Chirac prevented President Bush from putting the wrong foot forward. ♦

The Appeal of Howard Dean

Why he could be Bush's most dangerous opponent. BY STEPHEN MOORE

SEVERAL YEARS AGO an obscure Democratic governor from the politically inconsequential state of Vermont was the guest speaker at a Cato Institute lunch. His name was Howard Dean. He had been awarded one of the highest grades among all Democrats (and a better grade than at least half of the Republicans) in the annual Cato Fiscal Report Card on the Governors. We were curious about his views because we had heard that he harbored political ambitions beyond the governorship.

Dean charmed nearly everyone in the boardroom. He came across as erudite, policy savvy, and, believe it or not, a friend of free markets—at least by the standards of the Tom Daschle-Dick Gephardt axis of the Democratic party. Even when challenged on issues like environmentalism, where he favored a large centralized mass of intrusive regulations, Dean remained affable.

"You folks at Cato," he told us, "should really like my views because I'm economically conservative and socially laissez-faire." Then he continued: "Believe me, I'm no big-government liberal. I believe in balanced budgets, markets, and deregulation. Look at my record in Vermont." He was scathing in his indictment of the "hyper-enthusiasm for taxes" among Democrats in Washington.

He left—and I will never forget the nearly hypnotic reaction. The charismatic doctor had made believers of several hardened cynics. Nearly everyone agreed that we had finally found a Democrat we could work with. Since then, I've watched Dean's career with more than a little interest and we chat from time to time on the phone.

This all may come as a shock to those following Dean's sudden and unexpected leap-frog over the other Democratic presidential candidates. Running sharply to the left, he's become the darling of the angry liberal intelligentsia. For now at least, he seems to have disavowed his credentials as a free-market enthusiast, a tax cutter, and an enemy of big-government excess. Among the real contenders, he favors the most radical governmental takeover of the health care system, and he supports the biggest tax increase. Also, he was the most vocal opponent of the war in Iraq, verging on pacifism. One thing about Dean, however, remains exactly as I remember it from the day I met him—his unapologetic leftist stands on social issues. As a candidate, he boasts of his support as governor for gay marriages, but as one longtime observer of Vermont politics says, "The one issue he cares most passionately about is pro-choice on abortion, even to the point of holding pro-lifers in total contempt."

The media have celebrated Dean's eclectic economic views. The *Washington Post* gushed on its front page: "As Governor, Dean Was a Fiscal Conservative." *Business Week* applauds his pro-business credentials. Hammering George W. Bush almost hourly for his big deficits, Dean himself contends he is still an advocate of "fiscal stability" and a leader who will promote a balanced budget . . .

Stephen Moore is president of the Club for Growth and a senior fellow at the Cato Institute.

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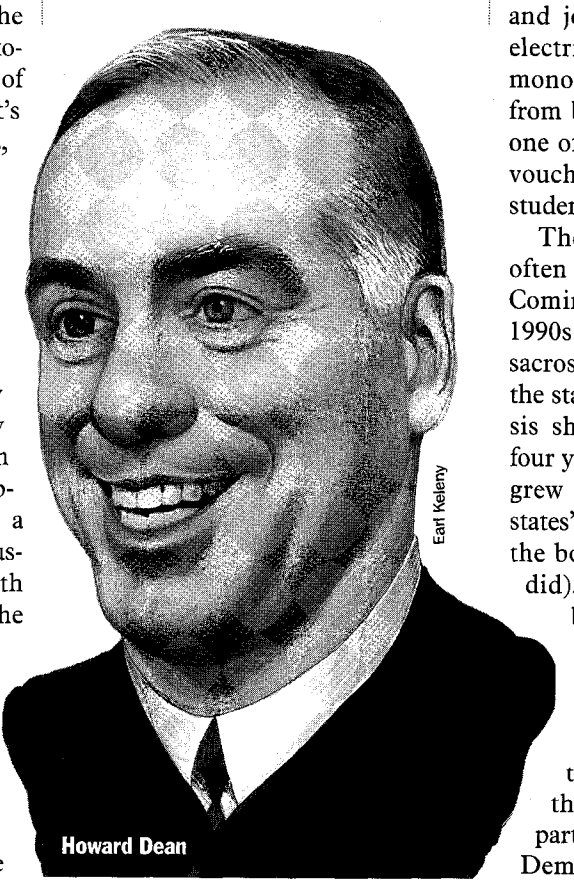
"because I balanced my budget every year in Vermont."

Not so fast. This is, after all, the former governor of the state that gave us Ben & Jerry's Rainforest Crunch and the nation's only self-proclaimed socialist congressman, Bernie Sanders. In Vermont, Euro-style tax-and-spend governmental activism is still in vogue and politicians like Senator Jim Jeffords pass as moderates. This is the second-highest taxing-and-spending state in the country, with collections about $600 per person above the national average. The state's regulatory climate, says John McClaughry of the Ethan Allen Institute, Vermont's sole dispenser of free-market views, "almost seems intentionally designed to chase employers away." Dean has boasted that he was "the most fiscally conservative governor in Vermont in decades," but that's like saying you were the most chaste woman in a Texas whorehouse.

Indeed, Dean has taken many positions that should make life easy for the Republicans' opposition research team. As governor, he supported and successfully enacted a whole menu of dimwitted liberal causes: a state-funded universal health care system (which as president he would take nationwide), government-subsidized child care (even for the rich), a higher minimum wage, a mega-generous prescription drug benefit for seniors with incomes up to four times the poverty level, one of the nation's most liberal mandatory family-leave laws, and taxpayer-funded campaigns. It's no wonder the *Almanac of American Politics* calls Dean "one of the four or five most liberal governors in America."

At one time or another, Dean raised just about every tax he could get his hands on. During his 12 years as governor, he upped the corporate income tax rate by 1.5 percentage points, the sales tax by 1 percentage point, the cigarette tax by 50 cents a pack, and the gas tax by 5 cents a gallon. Sure he balanced the budget every year—by digging deeper into Vermonters' wallets.

In 1997 his political career looked to be careening out of control. Dean signed into law a Robin Hood school refinancing scheme called Act 60, which guaranteed that every school would spend at least $5,000 per student. To pay for it, dollars would be extracted from wealthy school districts and channeled to the poorer ones. Local property tax assessments, which paid for community schools, were replaced with one uniform statewide property tax. But Vermont's highbrow liberals weren't so interested in redistribution schemes in which they were the ones to be gouged and their own children's schools would lose out. The class warfare plan spontaneously combusted into a thunderous tax revolt across the state. Three donor towns defiantly refused to send their taxes to Montpelier. Vermonter and best-selling author John Irving, a self-described liberal Democrat, famously lambasted the plan as an exercise in "Marxism." In November, voters took their rage out on Dean, who narrowly escaped a career-ending loss by only a few hundred votes.


Earl Keleny

Howard Dean

But he weathered the storm. Dean is nothing if not a survivor—as well as an iconoclast. Even as he pursued wild-eyed social experiments, Dean carefully nurtured a reputation as a "business-friendly" governor. On numerous occasions he pragmatically swept aside onerous environmental regulations and last-use restrictions (this is the greenest state of all) to make room for business expansion and jobs, jobs, jobs. He supported electricity deregulation to take monopolistic pricing power away from big utilities. He even launched one of the nation's most progressive voucher programs for high school students.

The word Vermonters use most often to describe Dean is "frugal." Coming into office amidst the early 1990s recession, he cut formerly sacrosanct welfare spending to keep the state out of debt. The Cato analysis shows that during Dean's first four years in office, Vermont's budget grew much more slowly than other states'. He cut income tax rates across the board (much as President Bush did). Although he raised overall business taxes, he approved millions of dollars' worth of incentives to lure smoke stacks back into the Green Mountain State. It was during these early years that the head of the state's powerful Progressive party called him "a very right-wing Democrat." And during a time when President Bush has been piling up mountains of debt in Washington and 47 governors face record budget deficits of their own, Dean admirably left Vermont with a $10.4 million surplus when he left office this past January—which would certainly be one of his trump cards against Bush. If Dean were ever elected president, I'm convinced he would be monomaniacal about balancing the budget—though certainly not in ways that would please conservatives.

Part of Dean's star appeal has been the refreshing genuineness of his campaign rhetoric, even when his

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ideas are cockeyed. By pledging to repeal the entire Bush tax cut—a move that would raise the average tax burden on middle income families with three kids by about $2,500 a year, Dean is attempting to prove that voters will swallow higher taxes to get more government largesse. In a recent debate, he confidently asserted that when working class voters saw his universal government-run health care plan, they would gladly pay for it. "If we're going to have a system of universal health care in America, we will have to pay more taxes," he said.

Of course, these are the kinds of unavoidable tough fiscal choices that voters should be asked to make, but that most politicians refuse to acknowledge. God save the country if voters actually buy into Dean's health care socialism, but at least he is honest about the sacrifices required. This is not a man who believes in the mythical free lunch.

Ever since that first meeting with Howard Dean some five years ago, I've been trying to think of what politician he most resembles. The former governor of a small state, he is charismatic, good looking, wonkish, craving of the spotlight, and capable of telling a room full of people precisely what they want to hear. The obvious answer recently hit me: Dean is Bill Clinton, but without the skirt-chasing.

Republicans are said to be salivating over the prospect of a Bush-Dean match-up. They shouldn't get carried away. Howard Dean, warns John McClaughry, has been "underestimated throughout his political career. He has an uncanny knack for finding where the political capital is stored and walking off with it." The trick for Dean is to ensure that the ultra-liberal positions he has taken in the primaries, which contradict his sometimes centrist record, don't cripple his ability to reach out to Middle American voters in a general election—should he make it that far. If he does, and then finds a way to zig-zag back toward the center, Howard Dean could be George W. Bush's worst nightmare. ♦

Secretary of Stubbornness

Donald Rumsfeld's idée fixe endangers success in Iraq. BY TOM DONNELLY

DEFENSE SECRETARY Donald Rumsfeld can claim, as much as any man, to be the architect of victory in Operation Iraqi Freedom. History might also tag him as the architect of defeat in the larger war for Iraq.

The secretary's mulish opposition to increasing the number of American soldiers in Iraq—and the narrow understanding of military "transformation" used to justify that stance—is a prime reason the Bush administration has had to go begging to the United Nations. In return for perhaps a couple of divisions' worth of Turkish, Indian, or Pakistani troops, the administration has suggested it is willing to subject the reconstruction of Iraq to a threat more lethal than Baathism and bin Ladenism combined: a French veto.

There is universal agreement that the current force in Iraq is too small. The commander of the coalition task force in Iraq, U.S. Lt. Gen. Ricardo Sanchez, has admitted there were multiple challenges "looming." Among these, he told the *New York Times* on September 5, are the need to seal the country's borders, disarm large rebel groups, and prevent civil war—a real danger, as Iraq's long-dominant Sunni minority fights to retain its status. "Today, if I had to," said Sanchez, "I could move forces to tackle any one of those challenges, but we would pull forces from an existing mission."

U.S. Central Command says it needs six divisions, four of them American and the rest—anywhere from 20,000 to 40,000 troops—contributed by the coalition. But the failure to line up more allies leaves a pretty significant shortfall and explains the dilemma Sanchez described.

The bombing of the U.N. headquarters in Baghdad made it clear that the rejectionists in Iraq have little regard for U.N. neutrality and will kill whoever they can when it gets hard to kill Americans. Under these conditions, there is little evidence that the rest of the world is prepared to support the U.S. mission in Iraq on the Bush administration's terms. Those terms "seem quite far from what for us is the primary objective," sniffed French president Jacques Chirac. Standing next to Chirac, German chancellor Gerhard Schröder allowed that, although "there is movement" in the administration's position, "it is not dynamic enough. It doesn't go far enough."

The difficulty of getting U.N. approval should be no surprise to the administration, which traveled this road unsuccessfully before the war. Still, the pretense of "internationalizing" the Iraq mission might be worth it if it could produce some tangible military reward—or puncture the posturing of the Democrats, who don't want to be seen cutting and running from Iraq, yet who aren't serious about staying the course either.

But neither of these outcomes is likely. Germany, for example, is simply incapable of making a very useful military contribution in Iraq. The Bundeswehr can neither project much force nor sustain it; it would be a liability both politically and tactically, most likely providing yet another

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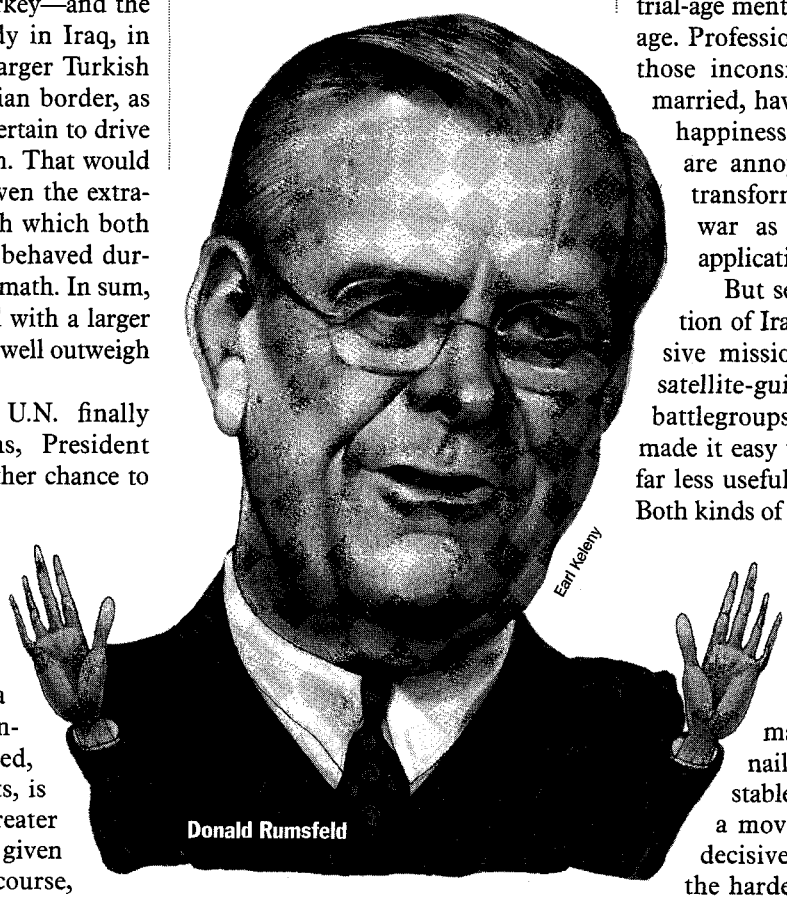
"soft target" for terrorists. So would many other allied forces. Remember, in Somalia it was attacks on Pakistani U.N. troops that began the chain of events leading to the "Black Hawk Down" fiasco and American retreat.

India, for which the Bush administration had high hopes, and which has a serious army, is clearly not yet ready to commit itself to a real strategic partnership with the United States. That may come, but the Indians still have too many internal issues to sort out. So does Turkey—and the Turkish army is already in Iraq, in Kurdistan. Getting a larger Turkish force to police the Syrian border, as has been suggested, is certain to drive the Kurds to distraction. That would be especially foolish given the extraordinary discipline with which both Kurdish factions have behaved during the war and its aftermath. In sum, the problems associated with a larger allied contingent might well outweigh the advantages.

When and if the U.N. finally rebuffs the Americans, President Bush will have yet another chance to extricate himself from the dilemma created by his decision to promulgate the Bush Doctrine with Bill Clinton's military. It's hardly surprising that a force that was, as candidate Bush argued, stretched near its limits, is inadequate for the greater tasks the president has given it. Democrats will, of course, continue to complain about "unilateralism," but American public opinion will almost certainly blame the United Nations rather than the president.

Alas, Rumsfeld's rhetoric strongly suggests that the administration will again spurn the opportunity. In his recent Senate confirmation hearing, new Army chief of staff Gen. Peter Schoomaker made headlines by allowing that he might need more soldiers on active duty. "Intuitively, I think we need more people," he said, cautiously allowing that he was going to "take a little risk" in stating the obvious. "I mean, it's just that simple." But Rummy's reaction was quick and firm: "Thus far, the analysis that's been done [on troop strength] indicates that we're fine." And the Pentagon needs to "be respectful of taxpayers' dollars."

The Bush administration has been set in its stance against a larger military from the start. After the 2000 election, a bipartisan delegation of pro-defense members of Congress trekked to Austin to appeal for increased spending and a larger force. To preserve his tax cut plan, the president rejected the appeal: The administration would not "throw money" at the Pentagon, declared White House spokesman Ari Fleischer. Neither the attacks of September 11 nor even the decision to go to war in Iraq could shift Rumsfeld. Intending to "preserve options" for the president and avoid the impression that the United States was determined to go to war when it first went to the U.N., the defense secretary kept a tight rein on the flow of U.S. forces into the Gulf, especially on the kinds of support forces that would have demanded a larger mobilization of reservists. A permanent expansion—even a stopgap call-up of National Guard divisions—is still off the table, it seems.



Donald Rumsfeld

Moreover, military "transformation" remains an article of faith. Its tenets hold that large land forces are a thing of the past, reflecting an industrial-age mentality in the information age. Professional soldiers, especially those inconsiderate enough to get married, have children, and pursue happiness in the American way, are annoyingly expensive. The transformationists tend to view war as little more than the application of firepower.

But securing the reconstruction of Iraq is a manpower-intensive mission, with little role for satellite-guided bombs or carrier battlegroups. The weapons that made it easy to capture Baghdad are far less useful for policing Baghdad. Both kinds of forces are necessary, but Rumsfeld and his acolytes seem interested only in the long-range, precision-strike kind.

Now, the kingdom may be lost for want of a nail. The goal of creating a stable environment in Iraq is a moving target. The longer decisive action is postponed, the harder it will be to achieve. Iraqis are losing faith in the ability of Americans to protect them—particularly the Shiite majority, who will determine the course of Iraqi democracy. An Iraqi army or police force will not be able to secure the borders or even control the traffic in Baghdad if they are sitting ducks, either for bullets and bombs or for bribes. The U.N. and other international organizations will remain reluctant to invest in the rebuilding of Iraq. Transforming our military for the future is a secondary concern when there's a war to be won today. ♦

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California Gambling

Heap big casinos in residential neighborhoods.

BY DAVID DEVOSS

Los Angeles

THREE YEARS AGO, an earnest young Indian chief appeared in a multimillion dollar television campaign advocating passage of an amendment to the state constitution that would give Indian tribes a monopoly to operate Las Vegas-style casinos on their reservations. Dressed in faded jeans and a work shirt, with the desiccated Sonoran desert as a backdrop, the chief explained that passage would allow impoverished Native Americans finally to become economically self-sufficient. Prompted by guilt, knowledge that most reservations were located in rural badlands, or perhaps the prospect of no longer having to drive to Nevada in order to gamble, California voters responded to the plea and approved the Indian Gaming Initiative with 64.5 percent of the vote.

Today, California is suffering from the unforeseen implications of its beneficence. Dozens of the state's Indian tribes are using profits from their desert casinos to buy new "homelands" closer to population centers. There are plans to build casinos in the Sonoma wine country, along the Ventura coast, and just outside Oakland. Three tribes have asked the Bureau of Indian Affairs to grant them federal tribal recognition so they can establish reservations inside Los Angeles. Indeed, Indian heritage has become such a bonanza that hundreds of urbanized Native Americans have suddenly discovered their roots and are petitioning the BIA to certify 54 new California tribes.

Politicians caught between the political correctness of supporting Native Americans and voters outraged by the proliferation of casinos don't know which way to turn. Three years ago, Sen. Barbara Boxer pushed through Congress a bill providing federal recognition for Northern California's Coast Miwok tribe. Boxer circumvented the Bureau of Indian Affairs after receiving assurances from the Miwoks that they would not open a casino. But this past April the tribe hired a team of influential political advisers, which included Boxer's son Doug, and announced plans for a massive casino and resort operated by Nevada financiers. Miwok chief Greg Sarris, a college English professor and Hollywood screenwriter, says he's just trying to lift his people out of poverty. But Sonoma officials say they'll remember Boxer's role in this double-cross when she runs for reelection next year.

Once the BIA acknowledges a tribe's existence and "federalizes" its property, the new reservation legally becomes a sovereign nation, exempt from local taxes, state labor laws, municipal ordinances, zoning restrictions, and environmental review. Some tribes have offered to pay mitigation fees for the disruption gambling creates, but the money seldom covers the amount counties spend on added police and fire protection. The resulting strain on municipal resources, plus the panhandling, drug use, and traffic that casinos attract, has galvanized neighborhoods where the quality of life is eroding.

In San Bernardino, the skirmish line runs across a dry creek bed, past an elementary school, and around a maze of suburban cul-de-sacs lined with ranch homes and SUVs. Several years ago, the San Manuel Band of Mission Indians added 28 acres to their reservation, promising to use the land for housing and a community recreation center. Instead, they recently announced plans to expand their casino, build an event center, and erect a six-story parking garage. The 17,000 neighbors living next to the proposed $50 million construction project are furious, but there is little they can do since the tribe is exempt from political oversight. "The San Manuel band may be a sovereign nation, but aren't we part of a sovereign nation too?" asks homeowner Rheba Hewitt. "Why can't Colin Powell come out here to represent us?"

Consisting of 194 souls, only 80 of them adult, the San Manuel Band of Mission Indians prospers only because of gambling. Its smoke-filled casino and bingo hall provides each tribal member a $91,000-a-month income. Its bleak reservation is stippled with demi-palazzos. Still, tribal chairman Deron Marquez claims it's his people who are under attack. "Nobody was interested in us until we began to make money," he says. "Our neighbors want us to be like *Dances with Wolves*, but we'd rather be accountants and lawyers."

Thanks to the Indian Gaming Initiative—and the fact that tribes pay no property, corporate, or sales tax—California's Indians have achieved self-sufficiency and more. Each of their 62,000 slot machines rakes in over $300 in profit a day. When added with revenue from bingo, cards, and video games, the state's 54 Indian casinos earn $5.1 billion a year, a sum that exceeds Atlantic City's and is more than half that of Nevada, a state with 401 casinos.

Much of the money Indian tribes earn is spent to insure their gaming monopoly and sovereign immunity. California's attorney general has col-

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lected $500,000 in campaign donations from Indians. The San Manuel Band has been particularly generous, giving over $10 million to state and local politicians over the past three years. According to California's Fair Political Practices Commission, the Indian gaming lobby has spent $122 million on ballot measures and state elections since 1998, making it the biggest political contributor in the state.

Earlier this year, the FPPC filed civil suits against the Agua Caliente and Santa Rosa tribes for failure to report a combined $9.8 million in political contributions in a timely manner. Both groups immediately appealed, insisting sovereign immunity shielded them from state law. "Nobody opposes tribes' participating in the political process, but with that right comes the responsibility of obeying the law," says FPPC chief of enforcement Steven Russo. "We can't have the state's largest political contributors refusing to comply with the political reform act."

In the past, Indian consultants approached state legislators, urging them to support pro-gambling laws. Now lawmakers seek out Indian tribes, offering to do whatever is necessary to get on the payroll. This summer, one state senator, who sits on a committee that has jurisdiction over gambling legislation, emailed several tribes offering his services as a paid public relations adviser. When confronted with his incriminating emails, the senator declared his offer "completely above board and proper" since his private consulting company, not he himself, would be doing the work.

Until recently, the biggest beneficiary of Indian largess has been Gov. Gray Davis, whose office helped write the constitutional amendment. Davis has accepted $1.5 million from the tribes since he took office in 1999, and gambling interests altogether account for about $2.5 million of the $78 million his fundraisers have collected. In return, Davis signed compacts with Indian tribes that allow their casinos to operate untaxed in return for a paltry fee of less than 10 percent of their slot machine revenue, as opposed to the 25 percent demanded by Connecticut and most other states. Even this amount doesn't go directly to the state treasury. Instead, the money goes into a fund that's divided between smaller gaming tribes and tribes that don't have casinos at all.

Neither Davis nor his appointees to the state's Gambling Control Commission require Indian casinos to pay out a fixed percentage of their slot machine revenue, as do the states of Nevada and New Jersey. Slot machines in New Jersey, for example, return to gamblers around 92 percent of the money inserted. Indian slots in California pay back around 70 percent.

Having contributed generously to the governor, tribal leaders were stunned earlier this year when Gray Davis suggested they pony up $1.5 billion to help reduce California's $38 billion budget deficit. Several chiefs called his request "ludicrous" and a violation of their sovereign immunity. "Why should we pay for Davis's incompetence?" rasps Marquez. "It's his deficit."

Confronted by a recall initiative that could end his political career, Gray Davis not only has backed away from his request that Indian casinos pay a gross receipts tax, he's even apologized for making the suggestion. Davis still wants money, of course, but now he asks it be sent to one of the committees established to defeat the October 7 recall.

In truth, all of the leading gubernatorial candidates save Arnold Schwarzenegger have asked for Indian contributions. But Davis's pandering has been unseemly even by the pay-to-play standards of his five years in the governor's office. Recently Davis promised the California Nations Indian Gaming Association that if he retains the governorship, they'll be allowed to name two of the five members on the state

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commission that regulates Indian gambling. And yet so far, little Indian money appears to be going to Gray Davis to fight off the recall.

Nor has the casino industry jumped on the recall bandwagon. Encouraged by the silence, Davis keeps coming up with tantalizing offers for California's Indians. Last week he promised to sign a bill on the eve of the election that would protect sacred American Indian sites in California. A laudable goal—except for the fact that the bill allows a Native American Heritage Commission to select the sacred sites, which it can then keep secret. Anyone wanting to develop land near sacred ground ("near" carefully being left undefined) would be required to pay for the cultural distress they might cause. Whichever way the recall goes, California's Indians will still be on a roll.

Indians may keep mum on the recall itself, but some of their money is riding on Lt. Gov. Cruz Bustamante. During the last election cycle Indian casinos gave the Fresno Democrat nearly $500,000. Last week, his gubernatorial campaign pocketed an additional $2 million courtesy of the Viejas band of Kumeyaay Indians, a tribe with 300 members that controls gambling east of San Diego. The contribution followed by a few days an $800,000 donation from two other tribes. "Cruz Bustamante is our friend," Viejas vice chairman Bobby Barrett explained. "He has sat down with our elders, learned our stories and our values."

Having mastered state politics, California Indians are ready to try their luck inside the Beltway. Last March, the Viejas and three other tribes broke ground on a $43 million Washington hotel development. Tribal leaders say the structure will be a preview of coming attractions. Of course, politicians in the nation's capital may be better negotiators than those in California. But I'm betting the next casino-studded Indian reservation will be located on land once known as Rock Creek Park. ♦

Conan the Resuscitator

Will Schwarzenegger revive the political fortunes of the Kennedys and the GOP? BY NOEMIE EMERY

HAVING SAVED THE WORLD many times over in one hit movie after another, Arnold Schwarzenegger now has the chance to breathe life into two real-world but comatose bodies: the Republican party of California and the Kennedy machine. Both once were fountains of power and energy. Both now are flat on their backs.

Time was when the Republican party of California was a powerhouse that elected two presidents in one eight-year span (1972-1980), held the governorship for 16 years in succession, had no trouble winning seats in the Senate, and set the Great Communicator on his way to the White House. That was then. Now, California is one of the most intractably Democratic states, with the statehouse, all major state offices, both houses of the legislature, the congressional delegation, and both U.S. Senate seats in the hands of the Democrats.

California Republicans like to think they are carrying on in the tradition of Reagan, but what they really recall is the conservative movement in its suicide phase, circa 1964, with the ferocious tong wars between wings of the party, Barry Goldwater's defense of extremism, and his insistence that he didn't need dissidents. Turned out he did. Ronald Reagan would give his party the Reagan Democrats, moderates and liberals he convinced to cross over. Goldwater gave them the Johnson Republicans, centrists he had driven out of his party, on his way to a historic loss. Reagan's inspiration was to realize that you win elections by making "outsiders" feel welcome. Recently, California Republicans have been choosing their candidates on the theory that someone who can get Democrats' votes is suspicious. Needless to say, in a state in which Democrats outnumber Republicans 45 percent to 35 percent, this logic doesn't win a lot of elections.

But if nothing has gone right for California Republicans since 1994, they are still better off than the Kennedy dynasty, for which nothing has gone well since 1969, the year premature patriarch Edward M. Kennedy drove his car off a bridge on the Cape Cod peninsula, killing Mary Jo Kopechne and his own future in national politics. In retrospect, Chappaquiddick can be seen as the incident that broke the Kennedy story in half, marking off the heroic age before it from the decadent one that came after. Ted Kennedy has not moved beyond the Senate, to which he was elected at 30, and no member of the third generation has yet made it to the Senate or into a governor's mansion. Many members of this generation are living blameless lives in worthwhile pursuits, but the Kennedys who made news in recent decades have often seemed up to no good: in headlines and trouble for bullying wives, seducing friends' children, trashing yachts, shoving security guards at the airport, having drug problems, standing trial for rape. Stories about them now read like the Judith Krantz genre.

But even if Ted Kennedy had made it over Dike Bridge, even if his nephews had said no to drugs and to

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danger, the Kennedy project would still have been in for lean times. While being a bad example in the deportment department, Ted Kennedy led his heirs off on a leftward vector that carried them out of the national mainstream, making them unelectable on the national level, and in all but a handful of states. As a result, John Kennedy's pledge to "bear any burden and pay any price" is closer in spirit to the modern Republican party, and his signature call to give more to your country than you try to take from it has been recast by his heirs to mean there is nothing too much you can ask from your country, which owes you more than you know. There will not soon again be another Kennedy president. Ted's own run in 1980, when he managed to lose to the inept Jimmy Carter, was as stunning an act of negative talent as Bill Simon's loss of the California governorship to a deeply unpopular Gray Davis in 2002.

Last year was another terrible one for the Kennedys, showing again that even unblemished young faces can't survive the burden of creaking ideas. RFK's son Max announced in Massachusetts for Congress, but stumbled so badly in his very first outings that he quickly pulled out to save further embarrassment. Kennedy-in-law Andrew Cuomo of New York shot himself in the foot with a feral attack on George Pataki, and then ran a campaign so abysmal that the Clintons had to put it out of its misery before he had a chance to lose in the primary. Mark Shriver (Maria's brother), an attractive young man with an unspotted record, could not make his case to primary voters in Maryland, who knocked off his bid for Congress. Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, whose public career began with essays that showed promise of the kind of tough mind and curious spirit that made her father so interesting, ended with a disastrous run for the governor's mansion in Maryland as a conventional party-line liberal, in thrall to fringe causes and interest groups. By 2003, the sole remnants of the Kennedy dynasty were Ted Kennedy

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in the Senate (in his forty-first year) and in the House, his younger son, Patrick, from whom no one expects a bright future.

What can be done to revive these twin turkeys? The great charm of Schwarzenegger is that he plays against type. The Kennedys are much too conspicuously a tribe of inheritors, generations removed from their sources of energy. Arnold returns them to their entrepreneurial, and even their immigrant, roots. He is rich, but not from trust funds. A millionaire even before he went into the movies, his record of dipping into and cashing out on a number of ventures recalls the career of Joseph P. Kennedy, and in some ways repeats it, without the shady connections. In fact, much about him recalls Joseph P. Kennedy—the huge goals envisioned and held over decades, the reinventions, the fascination with money and power—minus appeasement, and with better political instincts. In his book on the Adamses, Richard Brookhiser defines the tag-ends of the dynasty—Brooks and Henry—as being descendants by nature and temperament. Schwarzenegger thinks like a founder. It shows.

The second thing Schwarzenegger can do for the dynasty he married into is to extend its political reach. Where the Bushes prospered by evolving and migrating—from New England to the burgeoning Sunbelt; from haut WASP to born-again Texan and Catholic-Hispanic—the Kennedys have remained tied to the northeast corridor (sharply declining in population and power) and to a political culture that does not translate well in other parts of the country. As Michael Knox Beran and others have noted, they have not been creative in their means of expression, trying to do what their forebears did, though rather deftly. A Californian, a film star, a magnate, and an immigrant is a great disrupter of a clan become rather too stale and too boring. The Kennedys badly need a new locus of power, away from the Northeast and Ted. The third thing that Arnold can do for this family is simply to be the not-Ted.

And everything Arnold can do for the Kennedys would be put in reverse for the Republicans. For the Kennedys, he would have to tug them rightwards, toughen them up, snap them out of their sloppy behavior. For the California Republicans, he would have to open them up to the center, and make them looser, funnier, more lively.

Zuma Press / Richard Sobol

Schwarzenegger with Eunice Kennedy Shriver

In recent years, the California Republicans' idea of a campaign has been to round up a stiff in a suit, have him read angry lectures on taxes and values, and then seem surprised when he doesn't get votes. If Democrats have to seem tough in big races, conservatives have to seem inclusive and open. Conservatives win when they look good in shirtsleeves, and embrace big coalitions in warm, suntanned arms. Ronald Reagan was a "cultural Democrat," who knew how to talk to the old New Deal voters. George W. Bush was (and is) a compassionate conservative, who talks about love, and now and then sheds a tear. Arnold is in this mold, and then some—a rare opportunity for the party to gain purchase with groups that had written them off.

Arnold arrived in this country with free-market dreams, and then married into the Shrivers of Maryland, one of the least partisan branches of the political Kennedys, and also the most philanthropic. Long before George Bush the elder discussed "points of light," the Shrivers were their very own twinkling galaxy. Arnold's mother-in-law, Eunice Kennedy Shriver, was always the most serious Kennedy sister, the one most akin to her brother the president. As a young woman, she had a job with the Department of Justice that took her deep into prisons and slums. "At Alderson Prison, she had caught on to the inmates and their cons, and knew that to help them was not to excuse them," writes Laurence Leamer in *The Kennedy Women*. "In Chicago, she had wrestled down a juvenile delinquent, and her concern was tough, and if need be almost merciless." Talk about muscular liberalism! Match this approach with a free market message, and you might have a theme that could cross party lines. Can it pull left and right from their dire miasmas? Maybe. Of course, *Death Wish* was a hit movie too. ♦

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Avoiding McGovernism

How the Democrats can compete on foreign policy. BY MARC GINSBERG

THE LONG, HOT SUMMER of grim news out of Baghdad continues to stoke a fierce debate among Democrats: whether to reward George Bush's increasingly maligned and haphazard pursuit of Iraq's reconstruction with a veil of bipartisanship, or succumb to the demands of hard-core party activists and call for hightailing it out of Baghdad.

Indeed, an August 22 *Newsweek* poll reveals that 61 percent of Democrats favor an immediate withdrawal from Iraq. What vision do antiwar Democratic presidential candidates have for postwar Iraq? A successful democratic experiment from which to launch a Middle East version of manifest destiny and possibly trigger the reformation of Islam?

What about a Vietnam-like quagmire that nails the coffin of the dread Bush doctrine of preemption? Or better yet, political manna from heaven: nation-building as fiasco, with Iraq coming to resemble the Soviet army's Afghanistan. "Come Home America" is a golden oldie that apparently still entrances many antiwar Democrats: Afghanistan was right, but Iraq is wrong. Why be part of an inevitable disaster in the desert? The Democrats should resist this siren song.

It is true that by any reasonable measure, winning the peace in Iraq will cost more in lives and dollars than winning the war. From a purely partisan point of view, it is tempting for Democrats to pile on the Bush administration's premature declaration of military victory and its naiveté about the prospects for its desert acquisition. This stance would seem to legitimize their criticism that President Bush is misleading the American people over the true costs of occupation, just as he misled them over the reasons for war.

With Howard Dean's antiwar appeal resonating with the Democratic base, other Democratic presidential contenders have too often muddied their professed desire to win the peace with their criticism of White House prewar policies. John Kerry's presidential announcement last week was critical of Bush's foot-dragging about internationalizing the burden of Iraq's reconstruction, but offered little in the way of a commitment to stay the course beyond getting the U.N. or NATO into the fray. Kerry along with Dean and others appears uncertain what road to take beyond their call for global help, given the sway antiwar voters hold in the early Democratic primaries.

This leaves Democrats without a clearly defined postwar Iraq policy. Understandably, moderate and independent voters feel the contenders are playing politics instead of vowing to right Bush's errors in Iraqi reconstruction. The Democrats should take pains to dispel this impression and commit themselves to fixing the mess that a paralyzed White House seems unable—or worse, too hesitant—to address. The administration's dilemma provides them just the opening they need to refurbish their party's internationalist credentials and regain voter trust on the crucial issue of national security.

As hard as it may be to achieve success, the failure of reconstruction would constitute the destruction of American foreign policy in the Middle East. It would galvanize Islamic radicalism, reward terror, further endanger our allies, and, at home, add credence to the charge that the Democrats had courted failure. Can the Democrats square the circle? Can their presidential contenders satisfy the party's base, yet demonstrate responsible foreign policy leadership in the aftermath of the war? They can do so by putting forward an effective vision for winning the peace in Iraq that appeals to the best internationalist tradition of the party, yet yields no quarter to George Bush's unappealing national security strategy. That vision would include the following elements:

* First, Democrats must make the case that despite their misgivings about the war they are determined to support the Iraqi people in their quest for a stable and peaceful country—and determined as well to support our hard-pressed troops, who don't want the homeland to go wobbly on them. Resolute determination to avoid leaving behind a failed state is essential. They should be beating up on George Bush not over the war's intelligence failures, but over what is surely the greatest weakness of his policy to date: his reluctance to face the reality of Iraq and level with the American people about the true cost of winning the peace if we insist on keeping Iraq to ourselves and the threat this poses to the successful prosecution of the broader war on terror.

Perhaps it was inevitable that the United States would shoulder most of the cost of overthrowing Saddam. But if General Tommy Franks is correct that we will occupy Iraq for another two to four years, and the operation costs us $4 billion a month, we will spend at least $150 billion by mid-2007. The choice before the voters should be made clear: As long as the White House stubbornly refuses to fortify U.S. forces or concede more governing authority to the United Nations, nation-building "lite" will

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fail and neither NATO nor the U.N. will bail us out. More or different boots on the ground may be necessary, but forcing the White House to concede some real authority to the U.N. and NATO appeals to voters who are growing increasingly frustrated with the undefined mission.

No one truly understands why the White House is so resistant to sharing authority in Iraq. No adequate explanation has been offered. But convincing the U.N. and NATO to help out has more advantages than disadvantages. It would legitimate the U.S. presence as well as the new Iraqi Governing Council. It would accelerate the Iraqification of the occupation. It would convince other countries to dispatch desperately needed support troops, particularly troops from other Arab and Muslim states. It would turn our struggle against the jihadists into an international showdown as part of the larger global war on terror. It might also help reduce U.S. casualties and reduce the cost of reconstruction to American taxpayers. Even if internationalization occurs, it will not serve as a panacea given the complexity of Iraq's domestic travails, and Democrats should avoid serving up such pabulum as an end in itself.

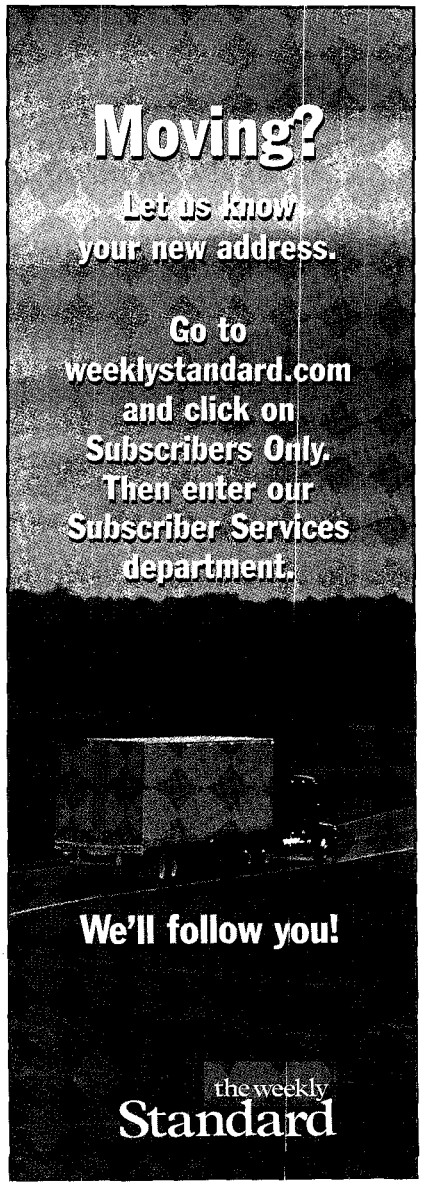
* Second, the mess in central Mesopotamia sounds a clarion call for foreign jihadists. What began as the overthrow of Saddam is fast becoming another war against al Qaeda-like terrorists who carry many passports. Current intelligence suggests they are infiltrating Iraq with the tacit encouragement of Syria and Iran, and funded by Saudi charities. Inexplicably, the Bush White House is blind to Saudi and Syrian chicanery, intended to bleed us out of Baghdad. Syria and Saudi Arabia enjoy undeserved diplomatic immunity in the Bush White House despite their reluctance to cooperate. Democrats should embrace a more robust policy that imposes sanctions on Saudi Arabia for failing to shut down its terror banks. They should also support legislation now before Congress that would impose a variety of sanctions if Syria refuses to seal its border with Iraq and shut down its terrorist underground railroad. It is time to outflank the White House when it comes to Saudi Arabia and Syria. The public is prepared to go along.

* Third, and most important, Democrats should step into the vacuum and redefine America's longer-term mission in Iraq as part of the broader war on terror: We are planting the seeds of democratic change in the Middle East, not waging an American struggle against everybody, as the postwar period seems to suggest. The Republican strategy is "make it up as you go." By sole-sourcing contracts to favored U.S. companies, the White House seems more eager to protect its pampered corporate donors than the people of Iraq. Even if the Iraqis are temporarily unable to manage their own affairs, they do not want Americans—who cannot even provide them plumbing and power—to dictate their economic future.

Experience in Bosnia and Kosovo proves that regime change by itself does not establish law and order. If peace, much less democracy, is to be extended to Iraq, America cannot remain Iraq's sole landlord much longer. Building a durable, terror-free multiethnic civil society requires America to quickly step into the shadows, though not entirely out of the picture. In an extraordinarily hostile Middle East, we cannot remain imperial rulers and impose democracy from the top down without paying a terrible price in lives and esteem. Empire and democracy do not go hand in hand. Instead, accelerating the timetable for Iraqi elections and putting a sturdier international foundation under our presence will promote a foreign policy success—one for which Democrats will be able to claim the credit if they chart the course.

Whether Iraq was a just or an unjust war is no longer important. America now has too much at stake to let that debate govern the 2004 agenda. For that matter, the internationalization of Iraq's reconstruction will not guarantee its success, either, and even if NATO and the U.N. step up to the plate, the United States will have to invest more than the White House has been willing to so far. This is not an "either/or" proposition. There is no substitute for American military and economic support even if we cede some political authority to induce the internationalization of the reconstruction effort.

The sooner the Democrats compel the White House to offer greater rewards to friendly or outstretched helping hands, the easier it will be eventually for us to exit Iraq gracefully. And once that has happened, the voters will surely credit the Democratic party for winning the peace. ♦



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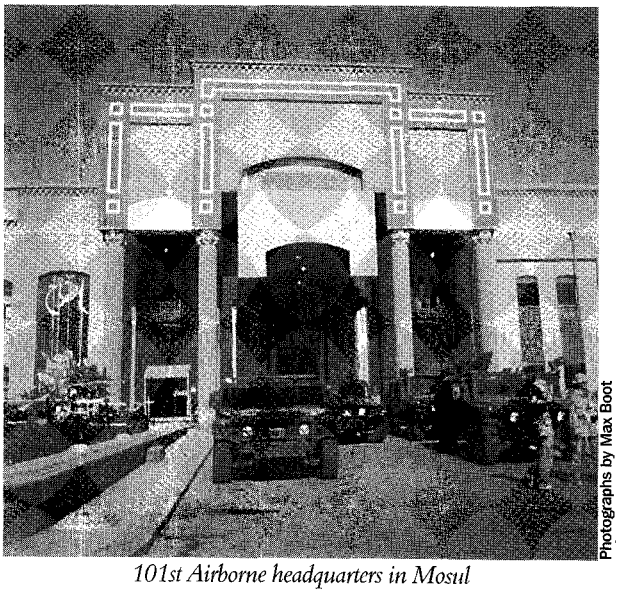
Reconstructing Iraq

With the Marines in the south and the 101st Airborne in the north

By Max Boot

I went to Iraq in August, the day after a bomb had ripped through the United Nations compound in Baghdad, killing 23 people including the U.N. special envoy. I came home the day after another massive car bomb exploded at a mosque in Najaf, taking more than 95 lives including that of a leading cleric. Yet I returned more optimistic than when I went.

Understandably, these attacks have caused apprehension, verging on panic, among U.S.-based commentators and politicians. A chorus of critics is already attacking the Bush administration for losing Iraq. During my trip I, too, saw plenty of room for improvement, especially by the civilian-run Coalition Provisional Authority in Baghdad. For that matter, I was almost a casualty of a roadside bomb myself. Nevertheless, after 10 days traveling with soldiers and Marines in both the north and south, I am encouraged by the resourcefulness of our troops and struck by how different things look when seen firsthand. From afar, chaos seems to reign in Iraq; up close, distinct signs of progress emerge.



Photographs by Max Boot

101st Airborne headquarters in Mosul

Air travel isn't one of the more positive signs. There still is no commercial air service to Iraq. I went in with Bing West, a former assistant secretary of defense and a Marine veteran of Vietnam, on a Marine Lear jet from Kuwait to Al Kut in central Iraq. From there, an old CH-46 helicopter whisked us to the 1st Marine Division headquarters at Camp Babylon. Yes, *that* Babylon. The former home of Nebuchadnezzar now houses rulers clad in khaki camouflage.

The headquarters of the 1st Marine Division was on the grounds of one of Saddam Hussein's numerous palaces. A guest house had been turned into a Combat Operations Center where officers and enlisted personnel sat at laptop computers monitoring everything from enemy attacks to electricity flows. A tent city around the building was full to overflowing when we arrived. The Marines were in the process of transitioning out, while Poles, Romanians, Bulgarians, Hungarians, Spaniards, and numerous other coalition troops had already arrived to take their place. The formal handoff to the coalition forces occurred on September 3, except in Najaf, where the recent bombing has delayed it.

For Marines who went through the war sleeping in the dirt and eating MREs (Meals Ready to Eat), life at Camp Babylon had gotten relatively civilized by the end of their tour. Most of the tents had cots and air conditioning, "head" calls could be taken in the privacy of a port-o-potty, and food came from a "chow hall" run by Indian contract employees. Things will be positively luxurious

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Marines distributing soccer balls in Karbala; Major General James Mattis (opposite page)

for the allied troops, who are having built for them, at U.S. expense, air-conditioned shower and laundry facilities. The food wasn't bad—we had lobster my first night and excellent cakes—but everyone from buck private to three-star general waited in a long line before getting fed.

From here the 1st Marine Division directed battalions that ran all of south-central Iraq—up to 11 million people in the Shiite heartland. Major General James Mattis laughingly called it the Blue Diamond Republic of Iraq, after the 1st Division's nickname. If so, he was president of the republic, or, more accurately, its benevolent dictator. Mattis is a legend inside the Marine Corps, having led the Marines into both Afghanistan and Iraq. He was so hell-bent on reaching Baghdad that he fired one of his brigade commanders for not going fast enough. It was his men who toppled the statue of Saddam Hussein in central Baghdad on April 9, signaling the end of the war.

Relatively short and trim, with a silver crewcut and owlish spectacles, Mattis doesn't look particularly imposing. But when he opens his mouth it becomes apparent that he's cut from the George S. Patton mold. Funny, blunt, erudite, inspiring, and profane, he takes no guff and tolerates no inefficiency. At nightly briefings with his staff, he dissected PowerPoint presentations with laser-like questions that got to the heart of every problem. The issues he dealt with were more appropriate to an imperial proconsul than to a general: how to combat Islamic extremists, win over ordinary people, distribute fuel, enforce law and order, and a thousand other matters. Mattis was not the least bit fazed by the challenge.

And he had made substantial progress. While Baghdad and the Sunni Triangle were still plagued by anti-American terrorism, life in the Blue Diamond Republic was pretty calm. It might not seem that way in the wake of the August 29 car bombing in Najaf. But despite that event, a substantial degree of normality had returned to Najaf and neighboring towns. The streets I saw were bustling, and the Marines enjoyed excellent relations with local leaders.

Not the least of their achievement is that no Marine has been killed by hostile fire since May 1, when President Bush proclaimed "major hostilities" at an end. Almost 70 Army soldiers have been slain in that period. This success isn't a result of flooding south-central Iraq with soldiers. Mattis never deployed more than 8,000 Marines, along with some Army civil affairs, psychological operations, and military police units, to control an area the size of Missouri.

There is no doubt that the Marines' task was made easier by the fact that the Shiites suffered under the old regime and welcomed their liberation. But few analysts predicted in May that Shiite holy cities like Najaf and Karbala would emerge as strongholds of pro-American sentiment. Much of the talk back then was of Iranian infiltration and Lebanese-style terrorism. That hasn't happened, at least not against Americans, and every single Marine I met was convinced that the reason had to do with their approach to peacekeeping, which they believe superior to the more heavy-handed methods employed, at least initially, by Army units that occupied Baghdad and the Sunni area to the immediate north and west.

The Marine strategy was based on three principles. First, do no harm. That meant not alienating Iraqis by violating their religious or social customs. Women, for instance, should not be subject to intrusive searches. When talking to Iraqis, Marines were instructed to point their firearms away and take off their sunglasses. Above all, it meant using as little firepower as possible. As Mattis put it: "If someone needs shooting, shoot him. If someone doesn't need shooting, protect him."

The Marines showed restraint when dealing with hostile crowds. They did not have a single incident like the one that occurred in Fallujah in late April, when the 82nd Airborne opened fire on a crowd of demonstrators, killing at least 12. Marines were more likely to greet hostile crowds with free bottles of water than with bullets, on the

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assumption that someone can't be too angry with you if he's just accepted some water from you.

The Marines' second guiding principle was to win hearts and minds. The Marines repaired schools, distributed candy, handed out free medical supplies, set up Rotary clubs, and undertook myriad other charitable tasks. This earned them goodwill among the community leading to increased intelligence about troublemakers.

Their third principle was to be ready to win a 10-second gunfight. While wanting to be as open and friendly as possible, all Marines were told to be ready to open fire at a moment's notice. When Army supply convoys get attacked by fedayeen, they speed away, I was told. When Marine convoys got hit, they were supposed to stop immediately and disgorge infantrymen to pursue the attackers. Mattis insisted that even convoys carrying the Marines out of Iraq retain a robust offensive capability.

It all adds up to Mattis's widely publicized slogan: "No Better Friend, No Worse Enemy" than a U.S. Marine. To see how this yin-yang policy was carried out, we toured some Marine units just before they headed home.

Our first stop was in the desert southwest of Baghdad, home to a giant Army logistics base called Dogwood. This area is different from the rest of the Blue Diamond Republic because it's primarily Sunni, not Shiite, and it's experienced some of the same security woes that have plagued the Sunni Triangle. In May and June, Army convoys operating here suffered nonstop guerrilla attacks. During one two-week period in May there were 51 ambushes.

Although this was an Army base, it was in the Marines' area of operations, so Mattis set up Task Force Scorpion to clean up the mess. Composed of the 4th Force Reconnaissance (the closest the egalitarian Marines come to having Special Forces), the 4th Light Armored Regiment, some Army civil affairs soldiers, and a couple of Marine infantry platoons, the task force never totaled more than 1,000 soldiers.

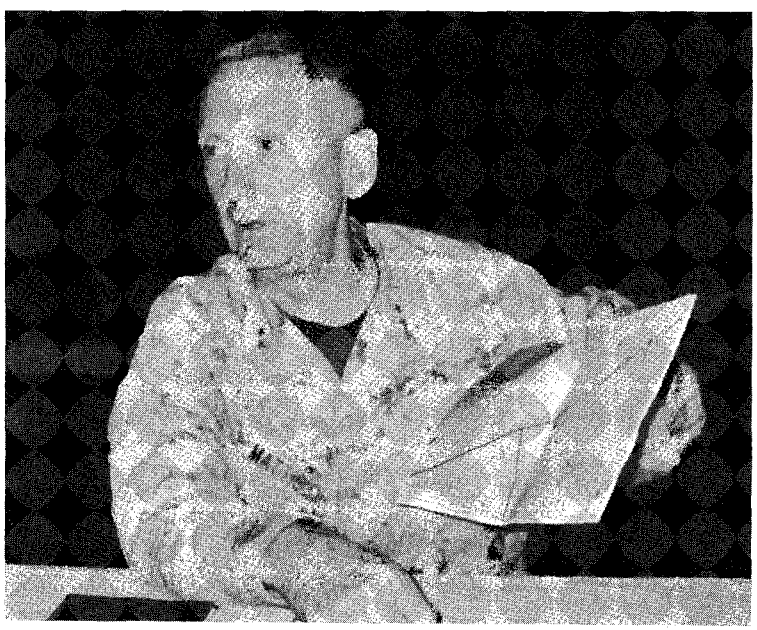
But with aggressive patrolling, it managed to capture a number of terrorists and reduce the number of attacks. Just before we arrived they had nabbed a Republican Guard general and a four-man team that had been mortaring Dogwood. The successful operations impressed the local people, who flooded them with unsolicited tips. Based on that information they staged surgical raids that usually involved no gunfire and resulted in the surrender of a suspect. While aggressive against suspected terrorists, the task force's commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Andrew Pappas, regularly met with local sheikhs.

As we were being briefed on Scorpion's operations, an officer volunteered that they were planning a raid that very night. Would we like to go along? Sure, I said, little suspecting what I was getting myself into.

Reveille came in total darkness at 4:30 A.M. on Friday, August 22, though the crump of a mortar shell landing several hundred meters from our barracks already had me wide awake. By 5:30 we were on the move. Our target was a suspected Baathist leader who had escaped a previous raid by jumping into the Euphrates and swimming away in his underwear. We were headed once again to his posh riverside home about an hour and a half from Dogwood.

Force Recon Marines, riding in two Humvees, were supposed to conduct the raid. Three light armored vehicles went along to "sanitize" the perimeter and deal with any "squirters," or fleeing suspects. Dressed in a heavy flak vest and Kevlar helmet, I was squished into the back of one of these tinpots. Without enough room to sit up straight or stretch out my legs, and with virtually no portholes, I was left to stare for hours on end at pictures of a soldier's girlfriend and a pinup of Pamela Anderson, both attached by magnets to the vehicle hull. Soon the temperature would soar over 120 degrees. Dust wafted through two open hatches manned by Marines with M-16s.

At about 6 A.M., our journey took an unexpected twist. As we were driving by some fields, three remote-controlled bombs exploded by the side of the road. Each was made from a 155 mm shell packed with explosives. Two more unexploded bombs were later discovered by the roadside, one of them full of white phosphorus. Had they



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In Shiite towns, shops are overflowing with goods; a village built by the 101st (opposite)

all gone off when intended, hundreds of pounds of explosives would have ripped into our column, almost certainly causing serious casualties. Luckily the mission commander, Major Joe Cabell, insisted on proper dispersion and the explosions passed harmlessly between our vehicles.

As soon as the attack occurred, the column pulled over to the side of the road and Marines jumped out to hunt for the perpetrators. A gunner saw what he thought were men fleeing through the fields and fired warning shots. It's a good thing he didn't hit anyone: It later turned out they were innocent farmers. As two Huey helicopters buzzed some nearby palm trees, it started to look like a scene from a Vietnam War movie.

With the help of an interpreter, the Marines interviewed local farmers and found out that a suspicious blue van had been seen in the neighborhood. We set off to find it and eventually ran down a blue Volkswagen van. Its sole occupant, a defiant young man in a track suit, tested positive for gunpowder residue on his hands. The Marines handcuffed him with plexicuffs and tossed him into the back of the light armored vehicle right next to your correspondent. The corporal asked me to "cover" the suspect. I held the 9 mm pistol a bit nervously (I'm more comfortable in think tanks than battle tanks) but did as I was told. In a few minutes, the suspect, his head covered in a T-shirt, was transferred to a Humvee for transportation back to base.

We pressed on with the raid, but it turned out the target wasn't home. We tried a couple of nearby locations—no dice. By 1:30 P.M. we were back at base, hot, filthy, and exhausted. What was supposed to be a four-hour raid had turned into an eight-hour trek across the countryside. I was whipped, but the Marines weren't too discouraged. "It was a good day," said Corporal Daiman Benney, a 26-year-old infantryman with a blond mustache. Reflecting on his impending departure for home, he sighed, "I'll miss chasing bad guys."

This is the sharp end of the Marine occupation. The next day we saw the warriors' soft side during a visit to Karbala, site of the second-holiest Shiite shrine. Lieutenant Colonel Matthew Lopez, commander of the 3rd Battalion, 7th Marine Regiment, was preparing to turn over command to a Bulgarian contingent, but before he did so, he had some errands to run. He piled into an SUV accompanied by a sergeant and Bing and me. None of us was wearing a flak vest or helmet. The Marines were in their "soft covers," aka cloth hats. Crammed into the back were dozens of silver soccer balls donated by Nike. The Marines were planning to hand out 15,000 balls to the children of Iraq, and Lopez wanted to make a start today.

As we crawled through the crowded city streets, we tossed soccer balls to any kids we saw. As soon as the first ball came bouncing out, a tremendous excitement seized the urchins. They ran after the SUV, arms outstretched, shouting "Mistah! Mistah!" The kids were ecstatic and so was Lopez. With a big smile on his face, he said, "I wish I could take all of them home with me."

When the ball supply was exhausted, we headed to city hall for Lopez's last meeting with the provincial governor and city council. They were as happy to see him as the kids. A consummate diplomat, Lopez exchanged flowery courtesies with a long line of sheikhs and other local officials, and then got down to business. Speaking through his interpreter (a Marine private born in Kuwait), he spent 45 minutes wheeling and dealing over a variety of public works projects. A Bulgarian colonel who will soon replace Lopez looked on to learn how it's done. "You will be missed a lot," a local worthy told Lopez, but the Marine is confident that the people of Karbala are well on the way to self-government. "Democracy is embedded here," he said.

That may be a stretch, but there is no question that the U.S. occupation has made tremendous strides among the Shiites, who comprise 60 percent of Iraq's population. Driving through towns like Karbala and Najaf you see shops overflowing with goods and Iraqi cops in blue uni-

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forms directing traffic. Violence hasn't entirely disappeared, as witness the August 29 car-bomb murder of Ayatollah Hakim and scores of his followers, but little animosity is directed toward the Americans, who are generally seen as liberators.

Every drive through Iraq in a U.S. military vehicle becomes a referendum on the occupation. Do the people smile or frown as you pass? In the Sunni Triangle, U.S. army patrols are often met with sullen stares. In central Iraq, smiles and thumbs up are commonplace. Little kids are especially enthusiastic. I felt like the queen of England waving regally at Iraqis as we drove by in our three-Humvee convoy.

Support for the occupation isn't universal, of course. There are still some clerics who want a theocracy, and they have received support from Iran and other sources. But they have gained little traction among Iraqis. The most prominent troublemaker, Moqtada al-Sadr, scion of a family of prominent ayatollahs, appears to be rapidly losing support, as judged by the sparse attendance at his sermons in Najaf. The attack on Ayatollah Hakim was the extremists' attempt to win through violence what they could not achieve by peaceful means—an attempt that will almost surely backfire by uniting the Shiites against the barbarians who desecrated their holiest shrine.

There was pressure from some U.S. officials in the Coalition Provisional Authority to arrest Sadr because of widespread rumors that he was involved in the murder of a pro-American imam back in April. But in the absence of hard evidence, the Marines refused to move against him. In their view, arresting him would only have turned him into a martyr. Better to let his rival clerics steal away his support—which seems to be happening.

the Iraqi managers failed to pay the workers for three weeks. In Diwaniyah, a major town in central Iraq, the unhappy ditch diggers rioted in protest and destroyed a government building. The Marines, who had not been involved in setting up this program, were called in to deal with the resulting chaos. They dispersed the rioters and paid the agricultural workers out of their own funds. Now they have set up a system to ensure that the payments are made. One can only hope that the coalition forces who are replacing the Marines will prove equally adept at covering for the CPA's missteps.

Much of the problem, no doubt, is that the CPA lacks the readymade infrastructure available to a military division. Starting from scratch, it has a hard time recruiting qualified candidates to come to Iraq. And those it hires are likely to leave after a few months. Former New York City police chief Bernard Kerik, for instance, arrived at the beginning of the summer to run the justice ministry, and he's already going home. But despite having a small organization, Bremer appears to be centralizing many operations in Baghdad. This is an odd choice given the vast differences between the Kurdish and Arab north, Sunni center, and Shiite south. Running everything from the capital seems a big mistake.

Complaints about over-centralization are echoed by the 101st Airborne Division. Like the Marines, the "Screaming Eagles" fought in the war, then were called upon to garrison a large chunk of the country—the north—that is moving toward peace and prosperity. The division is headquartered in Mosul, Iraq's second largest city, with a population of 1.2 million. The 101st's entire area of operations encompasses 6 million people, including Arabs, Kurds, Turkomen, and other ethnic groups.

This is only one example of the rifts that divide the military from the CPA, led by Ambassador L. Paul Bremer. It was apparent during our visit that the CPA has done little to help the men and women in uniform; some joked that the agency's initials stand for "Can't Provide Anything." Even well-intentioned CPA initiatives have been badly bungled.

For instance, there was a plan to put 300,000 unemployed Iraqis to work clearing agricultural canals. A good idea, but

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Like the Marines, the 101st is living in one of Saddam's palaces. Its accommodations are slightly more posh; the troops have access to running water, the Internet, satellite TV, even two swimming pools. But only a sadist would begrudge them a few creature comforts. The Marines are heading home in September; the 101st will be here until February 2004, a whole year. One of its brigades, the 3rd, came here after spending most of 2002 in Afghanistan; now the "Rakkasans," as they're called, are deployed in the wasteland between Mosul and the Syrian border.

The 101st faces many thorny problems unique to its area, such as land disputes between Arabs and Kurds, and a porous border with Syria. But its approach is similar to that of the Marines. In their combat operations center, the division commander, Major General David Petraeus, has posted a sign that proclaims, "We are in a race to win over the people. What have you and your element done to contribute to that goal today?"

They have done a good deal—almost all of it without the help of the CPA. On his own initiative, General Petraeus decided to open the Syrian border to increase trade, and to strike deals with Turkey and Syria to swap Iraqi oil for badly needed electricity. The division has also restored telephone service and is taking bids for cellular service.

Like Mattis, Petraeus preaches respect for Iraqis. Politeness and restraint are the order of the day. And when his troops do have to use strongarm tactics, they take pains not to leave hurt feelings behind. After they killed Uday and Qusay Hussein on July 22, the division spent more than $100,000 to repair damage to the neighborhood where the intense firefight occurred.

One of the 101st's brigade commanders, Colonel Joe Anderson, hopped in a humvee to take Bing West and me on a whirlwind tour of Mosul. Projects underway range from training the Iraqi police to providing medicine for a local hospital to painting schools to refurbishing an Olympic-size swimming pool to building houses for refugees. The list seems endless—and the 101st is doing all of it with its commanders' own discretionary fund, much of which comes from seized assets of the old regime.

Aside from providing money for the military to spend, Bremer's Coalition Provisional Authority has as little presence in the north as it has in the south. Its TV station, the Iraqi Media Network, is not received here, thus ceding the propaganda war to anti-American outlets like Al Jazeera. And it has failed to remedy the electricity and fuel problems that plague the entire country. The northern region has less power now than it did a few weeks ago because the central government in Baghdad is siphoning its power to the center, much as Saddam used to.

After visiting both northern and southern Iraq, one gets the clear sense that the CPA needs to take a different tack. The same might be said of the army units that garrison Baghdad and the Sunni areas to the immediate north and west—the 4th Infantry Division, 1st Armored Division, and 3rd Armored Cavalry Regiment. All are armor units less attuned to the demands of peacekeeping than light infantry outfits like the 1st Marine Division and the 101st Airborne. One officer of the 101st suggested that the situation in Baghdad would be much better if his division, with its more nuanced approach, had garrisoned the capital. The Marines, too, are convinced they could do a better job there, which makes it all the more unfortunate that they are now heading home.

In the view of numerous 101st Airborne and 1st Marine officers I talked to, sending more troops to Iraq isn't the answer. Smarter policing tactics and better intelligence are what's required, and training more Iraqi cops should be the top priority. They could use more funding for such training and other reconstruction projects, since, as Petraeus says, "money is ammunition."

In spite of continuing attacks and various other frustrations, both the 101st Division and the 1st Marine Division display a fundamental optimism about Iraq and its future. As General Petraeus put it, "I think we're winning up here. We have very good momentum." General Mattis delivered the message in an earthier style: "We've got the bastards on the run."

Yet the world press, which lavished such attention on Iraqi looting back in May, seems largely indifferent to the successful work of rebuilding that has gone on since. The media naturally focus on bombings and shootings, not on the reopening of schools or training of police officers. There is a real danger of another Tet Offensive—an American military victory turned into a public relations disaster back home.

As we flew back to Kuwait on a UH-60 Blackhawk helicopter, my thoughts were not on such cosmic strategic questions. Rather, I thought of the American men and women who are serving in Iraq. They have performed their work with incredible fortitude, humanity, ingenuity, and skill under difficult and often dangerous circumstances. For me, visiting Iraq was a 10-day adventure; for them, it is a 24/7 occupation.

I asked my Marine driver, a wispy-thin 22-year-old lance corporal named William Eberly, why he'd enlisted. "I wanted to feel like I actually did something for my country," he told me, "so I could call myself a true American." It strikes me that Lance Corporal Eberly has done a lot for two countries—the United States and Iraq—whether his countrymen appreciate it or not. ♦

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California's Other Race

The dishonest assault on the Racial Privacy Initiative

By Christopher Caldwell

On October 7, Californians will be offered more than a chance to pick a new governor. They will be asked whether they want to amend the state's constitution to outlaw most public classifications by race. Under Proposition 54—known as the Racial Privacy Initiative to its backers, and as CRECNO (the Classification by Race, Ethnicity, Color, or National Origin Initiative) to the ballot attorneys—the state could not require racial or ethnic information from those applying to college or seeking a job or a loan. It is the brainchild of conservative activist Ward Connerly, the guiding spirit behind California's Proposition 209, which banned race-based admissions and hiring at the state level in 1996.

The stated logic of Proposition 54 is that having to declare an ethnic allegiance before every state bureaucracy violates the American way. Such declarations crept into American life about 30 years ago as a means, it was said, of charting the country's exit from racial segregation. But they no longer make sense even in those terms. In California, high immigration has rendered the system increasingly cumbersome. A rapidly rising percentage of residents are of mixed parentage—in fact, California now has more "mixed race" newborns than black ones.

Demographic change complicates the old business of tracking race. Either a job/college/loan applicant is free to declare what *he* thinks his race is or he is not. If the applicant is free to pick his race (and this is the view of Connerly, of mixed race himself, who says, "Nothing gives you the right . . . to tell me who my ancestors are"), then the information thus gathered can only be arbitrary, a mere declaration of whether one wants to be eligible for race-based privileges. Addressing the University of California Board of Regents in May, Connerly noted that students declining to state their ethnicity rose from 7 percent of UC applicants in 2002 to 8.4 percent in 2003. This could reflect a grass-roots desire to move toward a colorblind society. It could also reflect that, since the passage of Proposition 209, there has been less money in claiming minority status.

If, on the other hand, racial categories are not arbitrary, then the government must establish and *enforce* racial classifications. This could lead it to establish a variety of mixed-race categories, as did apartheid-era South Africa, offering privileges rather than penalties. Or to grant racial privileges to anyone who could claim "one drop" of black ancestry, a straightforward inversion of the rule by which segregationist South Carolina denied rights to blacks in the last century. Either way, if race classification is not dismantled, then demographic realities will force states such as California to enunciate explicit hierarchies of rights based on race.

Americans are viscerally uncomfortable with this. Californians seem to share Connerly's despair that the race-counting system can ever be made workable or fair. A late-August Field Poll found 56 percent favoring the initiative and 35 percent against. Support is overwhelming among Republicans (55-25 percent), strong among independents (52-24 percent), and low but not negligible among Democrats (who oppose it by 47-36 percent). Whites back it, 47-33; Latinos oppose it, 50-38; while other races (presumably Asians and blacks) are slightly against, at 41-35.

Agitation against the initiative began over a year ago, long before signatures to get the measure on the ballot had even been gathered. This alacrity may reflect worries that the measure would be hard to defeat once it was on the ballot. The anti-racial privacy group now works under an umbrella organization called Coalition for an Informed California. The name comes from the belief that suppressing racial data-gathering is obscurantist, and constitutes the equivalent of a "gag rule." (Although one

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never heard the same groups agitating that more "sunlight" be shone on, say, the University of California's minority-admissions policies of yore.)

Informed California unites both champions and beneficiaries of race-based programs, all those whose ox is gored by the prospective constitutional amendment. Such programs start with affirmative action, but do not end with it. The initiative, for instance, would pose logistical difficulties to racial lawsuits. So the American Bar Association opposes it, as do various smaller legal associations, most of them ethnically based (the East Bay La Raza Lawyers Association, the Philipino American Lawyers Club of San Diego, the Black Women Lawyers Association of Los Angeles) and some named after the very invented racial categories whose existence they aim to protect (the Asian Pacific American Bar Association, et al.). Prominent figures from the left of the Democratic party rallied against the referendum early: congressman Howard Berman, Los Angeles mayor James Hahn, L.A. city councilman Antonio Villaraigosa. They tend to complain about the expense of mounting an initiative—never the sign of a winning political hand. Embattled governor Gray Davis weighed in on the initiative the day after it was approved for the ballot. If it became law, Davis warned, "the Department of Health Services would no longer be able to collect information on certain diseases and their impacts on various racial and ethnic groups."

Davis has reasons for taking this position: The initiative's opponents are his biggest backers, even his "base." They tell pollsters they would vote against a Davis recall by a margin of 46-41 percent. Those who support the initiative would recall him—by 53-28 percent. But in addressing harm to medical research, Davis is misinformed. The goal of the racial-privacy initiative is to administer the laws in a colorblind way, not to hinder medical research on sickle-cell anemia, Tay Sachs disease, lactose intolerance, and other maladies and conditions whose incidence differs from race to race. To make sure this exception was not open to ambiguity or interpretation, the proposition's authors wrote it into the initiative itself. Under Section F, one reads: "Otherwise lawful classification of medical research subjects and patients shall be exempt from this section." Section C of the initiative repudiates racial profiling, which has not stopped its opponents from saying the initiative would enshrine it.

Connerly is correct when he describes his opponents' invocation of damage to health care as a "deliberate attempt to mislead voters." With increasing stridency, Democrats have made the health claim their chief talking point for the past month and a half. J.C. Flores, a spokesperson for the Mexican-American Legal Defense and Education Fund, said: "This will prevent doctors from using that data." Jack Lewin, CEO of the California Medical Association, added: "African Americans have the highest infant mortality in America, and we need to focus on that problem. We can't if we aren't collecting information by race." Perhaps the referendum opponents are stressing health care because if they talked about the *likely* effects they fear—like a reduction in race-based litigation—voters might say, "Great!"

The strangest attack came from NAACP board chairman Julian Bond (who also thinks the anti-affirmative action Proposition 209 passed because people thought it was actually pro-affirmative action). In an astonishing outburst on National Public Radio, Bond warned that everybody, not just blacks, would be harmed if we could not categorize people by race:

> For racial majorities, for white Americans, for example, if we don't collect data on this alarming rate of breast cancer in white women, how will white women know about preventive measures, about treatment, about all of the things it takes to make sure you're risk-free, you're healthy? Why deny white women the ability to know that they're at greater risk for breast cancer than any other women in the United States? Why can't they have this information? Why shouldn't they have this information? Don't they deserve this information? So this doesn't affect just racial minorities; it affects the whole society because taking away the data hides discrimination.

In addition to being wrong, Bond's argument shows why counting by race can be so pernicious. If one can say that "taking away the data hides discrimination" even when addressing breast cancer rates, then Bond's obvious premise is that *any* relative misfortune must be the result of discrimination. This, in turn, explains how the initiative's foes can speak so confidently of harm to medical research. They just have a different perspective. For them, everything is about resource allocation. Medical research, say, is valuable or not valuable to the extent that "their people" are in on the funding that goes to it and the benefits that flow from it.

The problem is not so much the racial data as the attitude that leads to their collection. That attitude can be simply described as envy. We see it in the Informed California information packet on education, where it is noted that only 28 percent of black high-school students meet the eligibility standards for the University of California, while 59 percent of Asian Americans and 41 percent of whites do. If these gaps are prima facie evidence of discrimination (the anti-initiative view), then huge further

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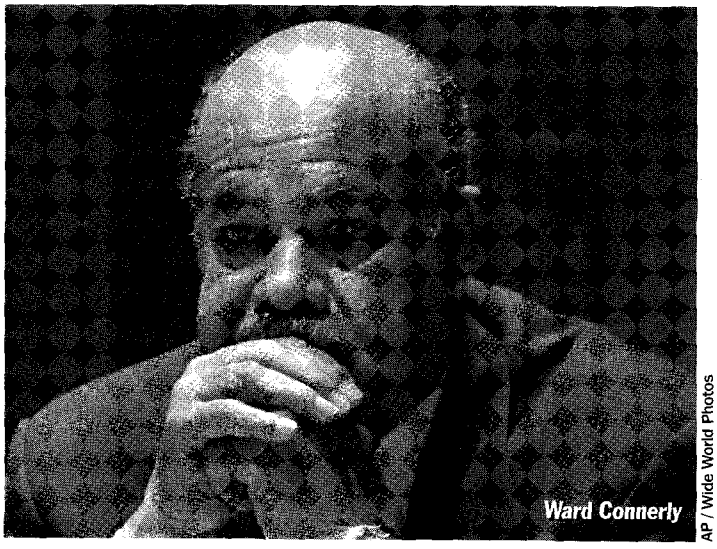
transfers to blacks are called for. (And the Asians who have risen to such heights after just a generation in this country presumably have a lot of "discrimination" to atone for.) For a generation, inter-group resentment has been the default psychological response to any difference in relative prosperity.

The initiative's backers and its detractors are talking at cross-purposes. Earlier this year, Michigan philosophy professor Carl Cohen, who favors the initiative, wrote to the University of California regents:

> Will the University of California be a happier or more productive institution when all of its members have been catalogued by ethnicity, when each has been assigned his or her place in the roll of ethnic categories, counted and listed and identified by race—or will it be happier and healthier when all within it are free to go about their intellectual business without the burden of representing or justifying their membership in some racial or ethnic category?


Ward Connerly

AP / Wide World Photos

Cohen showed an admirable humanism, but also a certain ignorance of the way his interlocutors' minds work. Much of the academic left views race not as a burden but as an identity, even as an achievement. Who would want it stripped? Increasingly, the color of one's skin *is* the content of one's character. And once one throws in the financial interests, it seems most unlikely that the initiative's opponents will be inspired by Cohen's language of lifted burdens, or Connerly's of race-blind law. They are deaf to such appeals to precisely the extent the problem is as serious as Connerly and Cohen say it is.

There are certainly conservative objections to be made to the initiative. Thomas Wood, who authored Proposition 209 and is executive director of the California Association of Scholars, holds that suppressing racial data, rather than rendering affirmative action unworkable, will render the ban on it impossible to enforce.

A further complication is that the race-counting issue is being debated in a different context than it was in early 2001, when organizing began on the racial-privacy initiative. The old context was the dead hand of segregation; the new context is the ongoing war on terrorism. France, with its strong republican traditions, has always had a Proposition 54-style ban on identifying the race of its citizens. In recent years, the ban has been much attacked, as France must now assimilate an enormous population of recent Muslim arrivals with no reliable idea of whether they number 4 million or 10 million.

Do we want to be similarly ignorant of how many naturalized Arabs or Muslims live in the United States? This is not a rhetorical question. Perhaps we *do* desire such ignorance. Perhaps it would stunt the potential for bloc voting and ethnically based grievance-group formation. But what about immigration more generally? Does the no-racial-information plan hinder our ability to regulate immigration from certain countries, if we so choose? Reasonable minds can differ on these questions. But to ignore them is to conduct a multiracial-era debate in biracial-era terms.

Affirmative action, of course—along with many of the disparate-impact suits and fair-housing laws and economic grants that operate on the affirmative-action principle—is the ne plus ultra in biracial thinking. Regardless of what happens on October 7, the Racial Privacy Initiative, on the heels of Prop. 209, has struck a heavy blow to its prestige and perhaps a fatal one to its logic. Much of the foregoing philosophical discussion—and practically all of the political debate—is pussy-footing around the real issue, as it will be felt in the privacy of the ballot box: Californians will vote according to whether or not they think racial classifications underpin a system of government-sanctioned racism against whites and Asians. Viewed this way, the initiative calls the bluff of a long line of rhetoric that holds the government still practices subtle racism in favor of whites. If it does, then why do polls show the alleged beneficiaries so keen to dismantle the very system of racial tracking that makes such favoritism possible? The course of the racial privacy campaign suggests that defenders of affirmative action, when confronted with such common-sense questions, can offer only convoluted, sophistic, and disingenuous answers. ♦

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The "Right of Return"

Is it a valid demand, and how would it affect Middle-East peace?

Three years ago, President Clinton and Ehud Barak, then Prime Minister of Israel, made every effort to achieve final peace between Jews and Arabs. They offered the "Palestinians" 97 per cent of the "West Bank" and Gaza, the eastern part of Jerusalem as their capital, and $30 billion in refugee compensation. But Yasser Arafat did not accept this overly generous offer. He insisted on the "right of return," flooding Israel with as many as five million so-called "refugees." When this outrageous demand was not granted, he broke off negotiations and started his bloody intifida, the war against Israel, which by now has killed about 2,000 people on both sides and has left many thousands more wounded, many of them crippled for life.

What are the facts?

Who are the so-called "refugees?" On the very day that Israel declared its independence, five Arab states invaded the nascent Jewish state. In fiery broadcasts and confident of victory, their leaders urged the Arabs to flee the war zone, so as not to impede the invading armies. Once victory was achieved and after all the Jews had been killed or had fled, the Arabs could return, reclaim their property and loot that of the Jews.

Things didn't turn out that way. About 600,000 Arabs followed the call of their leaders and became refugees. About 200,000 accepted the promises of the Israeli authorities that they would not be harmed and that they would become citizens of the new state, with the same rights as the Jews. Hardly any of the original refugees are still alive. But those who claim to be their descendants (who astonishingly number as many as five million), clamor to "return" to Israel. With the single exception of Jordan, none of their Arab brethren have allowed them to settle in their countries and to become citizens. They have confined them to squalid refugee camps, supported by UNWRA (a dependency of the U.N. and financed mostly by the USA). Those refugee camps are seething hotbeds of hatred against Israel and are the sources for terrorists and suicide bombers.

> "Peace will never come about as long as the Arabs insist on the 'right of return'—a 'right' that can never and will never be granted."

Is the Palestinian "refugee" problem unique? Migrations of populations are nothing new in world history, especially after major wars. About 15 million Germans were (often brutally) expelled from what became western Poland, from what used to be East Prussia and from the Sudetenland. Millions of Muslims and Hindus, following bloody battles, migrated to India and to what became Pakistan. Other major migrations following the World Wars were those of the French from Algeria, Armenians, Turks, Greeks, Cypriots, Kurds and others. It is only the "Palestinians" who insist on being "repatriated." But more to the point, Israel has absorbed over 600,000 Jews who were expelled from Arab countries and millions of others from all over the world. All of them are productive citizens of their new country.

Since the founding of Israel in 1948, the Arabs have waged unrelenting wars to defeat the Jewish state, but they have been unable to do so by military means. The destruction of Israel, however, remains a cornerstone of the PLO charter, which has never been rescinded. What the Arabs have failed to achieve by force of arms they are now determined to accomplish demographically, by flooding Israel with millions of "Palestinians."

The "right of return" is the one concession that Israel can never grant and can never accept. The world must not forget that Israel was founded for one purpose only, namely to be the home of the Jewish people. Even today, more than twenty per cent of the population of Israel are Arabs, almost all of them hostile and a potential fifth column. Even if only a fraction of those who claim the "right of return" were indeed to come to Israel, the country would be swamped by Arabs, and Israel would cease to exist as a Jewish state.

According to the U.N., only those who "owing to a well-founded fear of being persecuted in their home countries..." are considered "refugees." For instance, the Cubans who fled Castro are considered refugees, but their children and grandchildren living in Miami are not. Only the "Palestinians" have been granted special status by the U.N., by which all of their descendants, for generations to come, are considered "refugees." The purpose of this special status is to assist in the destruction of Israel. Israel is prepared to pay huge amounts in (unwarranted) compensation to those "refugees." But under no circumstances will it ever or should it ever accept the "right of return." What that would accomplish in one stroke would be the destruction of Israel as a Jewish state. Israel will never allow that to happen and the world should not request it either. The problem has to be solved by settling the "refugees" in any or all of the 22 Arab countries. Peace will never come about as long as the Arabs insist on the "right of return"—a "right" that can never and will never be granted.

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Aldous Huxley's World

The satirist as mystic

By Brian Murray

Betmann / CORBIS

Aldous Huxley published fifty books before his death in 1963. For years he was one of Britain's most-recognizable writers: handsome, quotable, urbane, a literary star. But mention Huxley's name today, and a surprising number of people can name only his futuristic 1932 novel *Brave New World*—and even then they're a bit confused: "Or was that the one by George Orwell?"

Like Orwell's *1984*, Huxley's *Brave New World* remains a staple of high-school reading lists: sex, drugs, test-tube babies, a sensual but sterile state—no wonder it seems a piece of uncanny prophecy. But *Brave New World*, published in 1932 when Huxley was thirty-eight, may be as much about the past as the future. It's about the brave new world of eugenic biotechnology into which we are, only now, rapidly descending. But it's also about the 1920s, when jazz was the fad, movies were new, and public intellectuals like Aldous Huxley rued the rise of mass entertainment, mass advertising, and mass production: the making of mass man.

Perhaps there's no great puzzle why. As Nicholas Murray reminds us in his recent *Aldous Huxley: A Biography*, Huxley belonged to one of Britain's most distinguished Victorian intellectual families. His grandfather was Thomas Henry Huxley, Charles Darwin's most ardent defender, a biologist who addressed scientific subjects in an elegant and accessible style. Huxley's great-uncle, Matthew Arnold, was also a central literary figure of the Victorian Age. Both men saw life as brutal and harsh and both believed that Christianity, as traditionally practiced and understood, was doomed. But both also assumed that a modern culture unbuoyed by collective ideals—by some kind of ennobling faith—was a frightening prospect.

Aldous Huxley
A Biography
by Nicholas Murray
Thomas Dunne, 496 pp., $29.95

What to do? Thomas Huxley assumed that the wider application of science and education would bring moral illumination to mankind; Arnold similarly urged his contemporaries to forgo the worship of power and mammon and to pursue instead "the best that is known and thought in the world"—in brief, the high artistic culture that "places human perfection in an internal condition, in the growth and predominance of our humanity proper, as distinguished from our animality."

In many ways, Huxley never escaped his Victorian roots. "I was born," he once observed, "in the upper-middle, governing class of an independent, rich, and exceedingly powerful nation." He attended Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he was well known for the breadth of his reading and the barb of his wit. But when Huxley was fourteen, his mother died of cancer. Two years later, his brother Trevenen, despairing over a broken romance, committed suicide. And as an adolescent he was afflicted with a serious eye infection that left his vision permanently impaired. All of this, as Murray

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understandably suggests, darkened the young Huxley's view of the world.

At school Huxley persevered by using magnifying glasses and eye exercises and learning Braille. But his bad eyesight discouraged him from pursuing a career in medicine and—after a brief stint as a teacher—he began to write. Brilliant, promising, blessed with a famous pedigree, Huxley caught the attention of Lady Ottoline Morrell, one of the most influential patrons of the age, and she brought the young man into an intellectual circle that included Bertrand Russell, D.H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, and Roger Frye—"a roll-call," writes Murray, "of Bloomsbury's most celebrated names."

Huxley caricatured some of these figures in the early satirical novels that made him famous. He lampooned Lady Ottoline herself as the affected Priscilla Wimbush in the 1921 *Crome Yellow*. As Murray notes, Lady Ottoline was not amused, accusing Huxley of ingratitude and betrayal. "I am not a realist," Huxley blithely replied, and "don't take much interest in the problem of real people"; his characters are merely "puppets" performing a "marionette show." In fact, although Huxley became more ambitious as a novelist, he never really mastered the form; his final novel, the utopian *Island*, published in 1962, offers yet more marionettes, however much they mouth different ideals from the marionettes of the 1920s.

Although Huxley would later describe the world of Bloomsbury as "rather limited," he certainly shared Bloomsbury's doubts about democracy and the fear that rising forms of mass communication, driven by commercial concerns and pitched to the lowest common level, would degrade the role of the artist and the value of art. Consider his 1927 review of *The Jazz Singer*, the first talking movie of note. Huxley at thirty-five hated films and their substitution of spectacle for subtlety, emotion for thought. Indeed the review shows not only Huxley's disdain for popular culture, but the misanthropic strain that never quite leaves his work. At the cinema, Huxley complains, there is "no escape" from "the full horror of the human countenance," amplified and filling a vast screen. "For the first time," Huxley writes, "I felt grateful for the defect of vision which had preserved me from a daily acquaintance with such scenes."

Brave New World is that review's horror come true. Thought is extinct; standards are low; coarse Philistines run the show, seeking absolute social control. Left with no other options—no galleries, museums, or libraries—blighted citizens have little left but their animality and the license to live thoughtlessly for the day. They frequent the "feelies," where the movie's illusion of reality is tactilely enhanced. Happily drugged, they attend state-run orgies and cabaret shows where tuneless music blares. (Huxley also hated jazz, calling it "drearily barbaric.")

The novel's characters are brainwashed, subject to "emotional engineering" in the form of inane slogans and hypnotic rhymes. Writing in the late 1940s, Huxley described radio as "nothing but a conduit through which prefabricated din can flow into our homes—a Babel of distractions." He added that advertising is "the organized effort to extend and intensify craving—to extend and intensify, that is to say, the workings of that force, which (as all the saints and teachers of all the higher religions have always taught) is the principal cause of suffering and wrong doing and the greatest obstacle between the human soul and its divine ground."

Spiritual references like these aren't found in Huxley's early novels, where religion, if it appears at all, is mocked and an air of jaded sophistication prevails. But by the time he wrote *Brave New World*, he was starting to realize that spiritual values, even more than aesthetic standards, were dangerously missing from Western life. One of the novel's more sympathetic characters, the outcast John the Savage, is much drawn to both Shakespeare and the idea of God, which he equates with nobility, goodness, and heroism.

In the years during and after World War II, other writers and intellectuals were reaching similar conclusions. T.S. Eliot, for example, in a 1939 essay sounds much like the later Huxley when he writes that "for too long Europeans and Americans have believed in nothing but the values arising in a mechanized, commercialized, urbanized way of life." Huxley, however, couldn't accept Eliot's solution of restoring the Church to the center of cultural, intellectual, and artistic life. Indeed, he equated the Church with "organized sacramentalism"—mere dogma and clerical abuse. The last word in *Brave New World* is "east"—the direction to which Huxley turned to find his own language of belief.

Huxley first outlined this "existential religion of mysticism" in *The Perennial Philosophy* (1945), prompting a certain dismay among the admirers of his bitter satires. The book leans heavily on Buddhist principles and ideals but also quotes extensively from the Christian mystical tradition: William Law, Meister Eckhart, St. John of the Cross. "Spiritual progress," it stresses, comes from "the growing knowledge of the self as nothing and of the godhead as all-embracing reality." Huxley's attraction to mysticism isn't really surprising; he was, after all, cerebral, introverted, and quite blind—already, by temperament and physical fact, withdrawn from the world. And unlike Thomas Huxley or Matthew Arnold, he found it nearly impossible to articulate any real hope for the future of humankind. Huxley had no more hope in democracy than in organized religion—and only a very guarded belief in the redemptive powers of science. Revealingly, in one late interview, he called Zen "just the sort of inward turning which makes for cushioning an otherwise intolerable existence."

Still, Huxley's writings suggest that he didn't wholly free himself from some very worldly—and rather disturbing—preoccupations. Even in *The Perennial Philosophy* we find him pausing to evoke "the rules of aristocratic good breeding." A throwaway line, it clanks nonetheless, particularly in light of Huxley's advocacy of eugenics—the notion that human breeding requires

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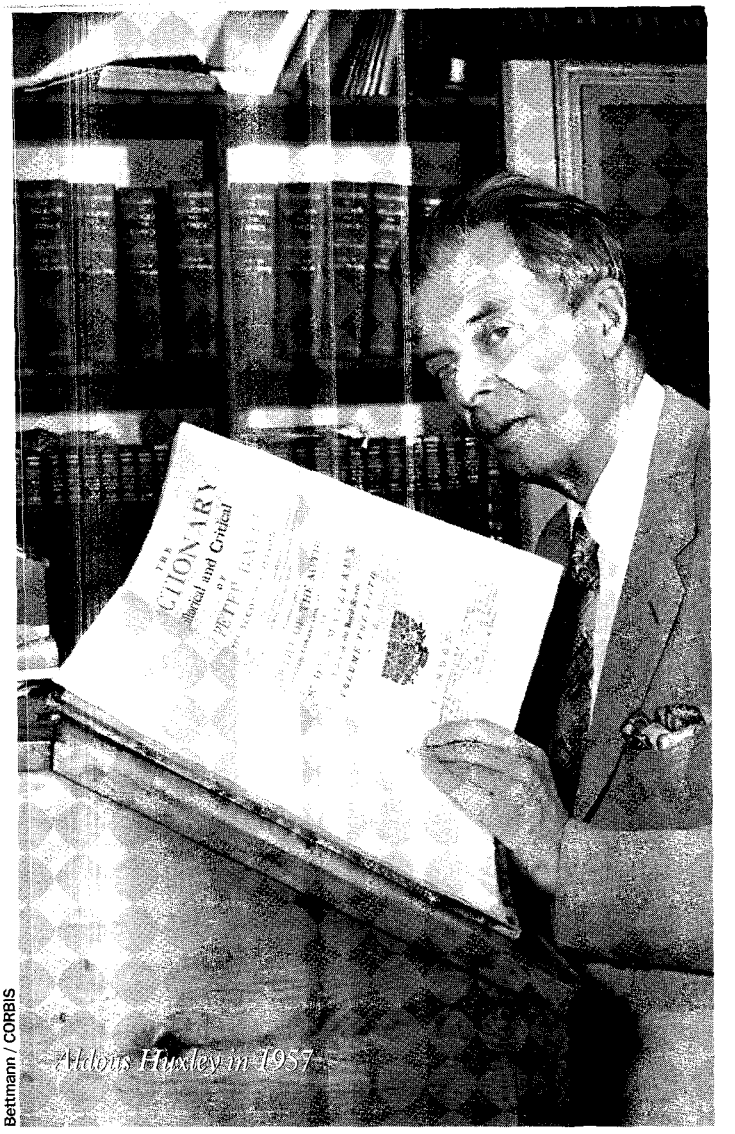
regulation. The goal, he wrote in 1934, was to encourage "the normal and supernormal members of the population to have larger families," and even more importantly to prevent the "subnormal"—"half-wits" he called them—"from having any children at all."

Nicholas Murray's biography is less adoring than Sybille Bedford's influential account of Huxley, published in 1973, but it still offers a largely sympathetic portrayal of a man whose warnings of the dangers of big business, overpopulation, and the prospects of nuclear proliferation make him, by implication, a figure of continuing relevance to the Left. Still, Murray doesn't ignore the ironies and inconsistencies of Huxley's life and career. In *Brave New World* Huxley depicts promiscuous sex as dehumanizing—another form of mindless escape. But Murray makes much of the fact that Huxley and his first wife Maria Nays had "an easy and civilized enjoyment of the sensual life" that included dispensing with "conventional notions of fidelity" and, for several years during the 1920s, sharing the same lover, the novelist Mary Hutchinson.

Huxley and Maria remained married for more than thirty years until her death in 1955. Murray depicts Maria working devotedly as secretary, housekeeper, and chauffeur for her absent-minded husband, a man almost completely at sea in the face of life's more practical demands. After her death, Huxley said his wife was "more capable of love and understanding than almost anyone I have ever known, and in so far as I have learned to be human—and I had a great capacity for not being human—it is thanks to her." But as Murray also implies, Huxley seems to have been largely dense to her own needs and concerns. Maria's letters sometimes show a woman frequently lonely, exhausted, and bored. In one, she tells a friend that Aldous "never realizes what is going on with me." Huxley loved his wife, and he worked her like a mule.

Murray also points to the occasional displays of anti-Semitism that surface in Huxley's private writings. Lured by lucrative commissions, Huxley put aside his hatred of the movies long enough to write or collaborate on several movie scripts; but Hollywood, as he rued in one letter, was squarely in the hands of "Jews with money": "little b—s with curly hair and teeth." The "usual explanation" for these outbursts, Murray notes, "is that this was an unthinking feature of the English upper-middle-class milieu" in which Huxley grew up. But Huxley, Murray adds, "was not supposed to be unthinking."



Bettmann / CORBIS

Aldous Huxley in 1957

Huxley's many fine critical writings include "Wordsworth in the Tropics," "Vulgarity in Literature," and "Variations on a Philosopher," all of them modern classics. The publisher Ivan R. Dee has brought out the complete set of his essays in six volumes over the last two years, and they are astonishingly brilliant and wide-ranging. Murray's failure to examine these closely means that the full context and genesis of many of Huxley's ideas go largely unexplored.

Still, the biographer provides enough evidence to show that Huxley's undisciplined mind was inclined to attach itself to some fairly dotty ideas. Living in Los Angeles during the final two decades of his life, Huxley attended seances, pondered the plausibility of flying saucers, and dabbled in hypnosis and ESP. He never tired of extolling the teachings of William Sheldon, the American psychologist who theorized that an individual's temperament was determined largely by his physique. Sheldon's notions are little better than those proposed by phrenology, which similarly proposed that anatomy was destiny, and that a man's character could be divined by examining the shape of his head. And yet, here is Huxley solemnly assuring us that the endomorph—Sheldon's term for a "soft and rounded" person with a "huge gut"—is prone to "nostalgia" and "ceremoniousness" and is "always seeking company and telling everybody just what he feels."

Huxley also turned to drugs. By his own account, he began taking LSD and mescaline in the early 1950s, thanks partly to his friendship with Timothy Leary, the Harvard-trained psychiatrist who grew increasingly screwy with each passing year. *The Doors of Perception* (1954)—next to *Brave New World*, Huxley's most famous work—argues that hallucinogens could prove therapeutically useful to patients suffering from schizophrenia and other mental disorders. But they can also be used more widely as substitutes for the mystical experience that, as Huxley himself admits, is so difficult to achieve. They can "open the

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door" to enlightenment left closed during our daily distracted state. Huxley also urges the development of other drugs that, without the harmful side effects of alcohol, might provide millions with a mellowing buzz, since the "need for chemical vacations from intolerable selfhood and repulsive surroundings will remain." In the 1930s, Huxley mocked the use of chemical pacifiers in *Brave New World*. In the 1950s he advocated their widespread use.

The Doors of Perception sold well during the 1960s as LSD became a craze and "psychedelic" a cultural byword. Perhaps mercifully, Huxley didn't live long enough to see Leary end up performing as a nightclub comedian or, worse, to find that he himself had become a pop culture icon. Jim Morrison—not exactly an exemplar of mental and spiritual discipline—named his rock band the Doors, in honor of Huxley's book. Along with Tony Curtis and W.C. Fields, Huxley was placed in a crowd of celebrities gracing the cover of the Beatles' 1968 album, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

One does sense in the later Huxley a certain intellectual fatigue, a disillusion with words themselves. In *The Doors of Perception* he approvingly quotes Goethe: "We talk too much. We should talk less and draw more. I personally should like to renounce speech altogether and, like organic nature, communicate everything I have to say in sketches. That figure, this little snake, the cocoon on my window sill quietly awaiting its future—all these are momentous signatures." In his final writings, Huxley often uses phrases like "the bottomless mystery of existence" and "the fathomless mystery of existence." This could, of course, be a kind of deep mystical enlightenment. Or simple befuddlement.

Still, in the final year of his life, Huxley offered words simple enough that even half-wits could understand. "It is a bit embarrassing," he admitted to a lecture audience, "to have been concerned with the human problem all one's life and to find at the end that one has no more to offer by way of advice than 'Try to be a little kinder.'" ♦

The Guryanova Street bombing in Moscow, September 9, 1999. Yale Univ. Press.

Russian Roulette

Will the new Russia commit suicide?

BY SEAN MCMEEKIN

There was a curious moment this spring, when much of America's political and media class affected enormous surprise to discover that Russia had been arming Saddam Hussein and training his Mukhabarat thugs as late as last year. This summer, it was the turn of the business community to gasp in shock as Platon Lebedev, financial architect of the impending Yukos-Sibneft oil merger, was arrested on dubious charges of "theft of state property." Not coincidentally, Lebedev's boss, Mikhail Khodorkovsky, had recently announced political ambitions.

Darkness at Dawn
The Rise of the Russian Criminal State
by David Satter
Yale University Press, 314 pp., $29.95

As if to confirm that Western investors are right to be scared, the past few months have seen a new wave of high-profile contract killings of leading businessmen, including Farit Gazimov, the general director of a Yukos subsidiary. More frightening still are the murders of both chairmen of Sergei Yushenkov's Liberal Russia, one of the leading opposition parties in the Duma. In what may have been a sick in-joke among Putin's KGB friends, two of Yushenkov's own party loyalists were charged with his April murder. In early July, Yuri Shchekochikhin, another Duma deputy hated by the Kremlin since his days as a muckraking reporter, died from a suspicious-sounding "severe allergic reaction."

Why was any of this surprising? As the former Soviet dissident Vladimir Bukovsky recently asked an American reporter, "Do you guys ever learn? Are you going . . . to step three times on the same rakes in the same movie?" If policymakers, journalists, and Wall Street's fund managers wish to avoid getting another Russian rake in the face, they should read David Satter's *Darkness at Dawn: The Rise of the Russian Criminal State*. The story Satter tells could not be more different from the ebullient spin often heard in the business press, which has been touting Russia's "emerging market" since the early Yeltsin years (save for a brief spell of sobriety following the financial crash of 1998).

Sean McMeekin teaches Russian studies at Bilkent University in Ankara, Turkey.

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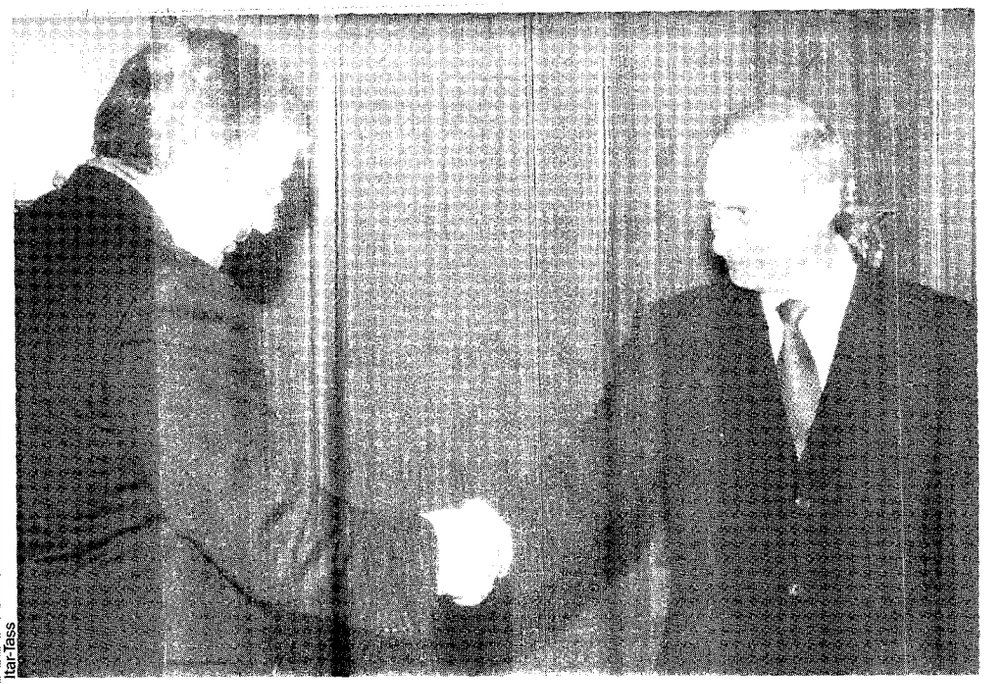

Itar-Tass

Yukos [illegible] Khe[illegible] [illegible] Vladimir Putin.

The reason for this divergence is that Satter doesn't rely on the kind of elite movers and shakers most Western journalists approach in Russia. He prefers the company of lowly dissidents and human rights activists, unpaid teachers and miners, grieving soldiers' mothers, and beleaguered small businessmen. This temperamental bias somewhat skews, to be sure, the portrait of Russia that emerges in Satter's writing, which is always bleaker than seems humanly possible. But the advantages of Satter's ground-up perspective manifest themselves again and again. His reporting from the late Soviet period, collected in an earlier volume called *Age of Delirium*, was sympathetic to the currents of *glasnost* and yet entirely free of the Gorbymania to which most of his liberal counterparts fell prey. Satter has always been a staunch anti-Communist, but unlike many commentators on the right, he never fell for Yeltsin or Putin, either. Observing Russian society from the standpoint of ordinary citizens, as Satter does, one soon realizes that no one in the ruling class much cares for the people.

Many early cheerleaders in the West were taken aback by Putin's callous approach to the infamous Kursk submarine crash of August 2000. The Russian president failed even to interrupt his vacation until the scandal had grown into a major political embarrassment. His naval admirals delayed access to the submarine's resting site in the Barents sea to a team of experienced Norwegian divers for a crucial week during which the last survivors are now known to have drowned. Once the Norwegians had exposed the breathtaking negligence of the Russian navy, the Russian media cynically fed their readers another transparent lie—that the submarine had been sunk by a hostile NATO torpedo.

This shouldn't have shocked anyone acquainted with Putin's past. One does not have to be a Russophobe to conclude that Putin does not share American values when it comes to, say, the rights of ordinary citizens. Just look at the Potemkin village that was Putin's Petersburg during the tricentennial celebrations a few months ago, when the government reportedly asked residents of the city to leave, lest their presence spoil the atmosphere for visiting dignitaries.

And what about Mikhail Khodorkovsky, Russia's richest oligarch and owner of Yukos, whom many now expect to succeed Putin in 2008? Politicians, journalists, and investors may want to remember the fate of Vladimir Petukhov, the mayor of Nefteyugansk, who was murdered in 1998 just three days after he had concluded a successful hunger strike that forced Yukos to undergo an audit—which exposed its nonpayment of taxes and wages. Though it was never proved in a court of law, local protesters were certain their beloved mayor had been murdered on orders of Khodorkovsky.

Such links between Moscow power brokers and organized crime have been documented in the West by such writers as Stephen Handelman, Chrystia Freeland, and Martin McCauley. Satter's warnings about Russia's dire environmental and demographic situation, too, owe much to the research of Murray Feshbach. But no one is as good as Satter at explaining how "Russia's criminal state" cruelly injures the lives of little people—in a society where it is ordinary for gangs to kidnap babies for profit from government maternity hospitals, where soldiers' corpses from the Chechen war are routinely sent to the wrong families, and where rampant bribes make it nearly impossible for the poor to obtain justice even for crimes that take place in front of multiple witnesses. It's a sign of the social hell to which Russia has descended that a common cause of urban death is for people to drop into sinkholes filled with boiling water from leaking pipes, because cost-cutting construction companies have city regulators in their pockets.

The most explosive revelations in Satter's *Darkness at Dawn* concern the "Ryazan incident" of September 22, 1999, when local police disarmed a bomb in the basement of a residential building. Following on the heels of murderous apartment bombings in Buinaksk, Moscow, and Volgodonsk, each attributed to Chechen terrorists, the Ryazan bomb prompted then-prime minister Putin to launch a bombing raid on Grozny the next night. Thus began the Second Chechen War—which vaulted Putin to the presidency—and which rages still.

To this day, none of the 1999 bombings has ever been conclusively linked to Chechen rebel leaders, who have consistently denied responsibility. Clear evidence has emerged only about the thwarted Ryazan attack—and this evidence implicates the Russian Federal Security Service. The facts are as follows. Local police arrested two agents attempting to flee Ryazan on September 23, 1999, and their guilt was so

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clear that Moscow did not even try to deny it. Instead, the Federal Security Service abruptly changed its story, claiming that its agents had indeed placed the bomb as part of a "training exercise." The bomb in the new version, contained merely sugar and a fake detonator, despite its having tested positive for the explosive hexogen (the same material used in the earlier three apartment bombings). Local residents were then congratulated for their "vigilance."

To cover its tracks, the Federal Security Service accused the head of the Ryazan police bomb squad, Vladimir Tkachenko, of not having prepared his gas analyzer properly—insinuating he may have been drunk on the very alcohol needed to clean it—thus making possible an erroneous detection of hexogen. This was a gratuitous smear, and absurd on its face: As Tkachenko later explained to a reporter from *Novaya Gazeta*, alcohol is not even used to clean the type of gas analyzer he used. The Kremlin has sealed off all evidence relating to the Ryazan incident for seventy-five years, but Satter, for his part, has no doubts about the Federal Security Service's guilt. One hopes such revelations about the true nature of the Putin regime will cause at least a few people to abandon the idea that the Kremlin shares our moral and strategic concerns.

There is one question, however, that even Satter was afraid to ask. What if a majority of Russians have already come to the same conclusion he did about Ryazan—but don't care? After all, they elected Putin on March 26, 2000, several days *after* NTV aired its damning report on Ryazan. As far as that goes, it isn't hard to find Russians who still hold Stalin up as a hero, knowing perfectly well that he murdered millions of their countrymen. Perhaps it is this strain of cynicism in the national character Satter had in mind when he dedicated *Darkness at Dawn* "to the honest people of Russia." Let us hope enough of them emerge in the coming years to bring an end to the regime that oppresses them and endangers the world. ♦

Weimar Lives!

German expressionism in New York today.

BY THOMAS M. DISCH

German painters are often hard to like, and the best of them can be the least amiable. Grünewald's *Isenheim Altarpiece* is the ghastliest of Old Master paintings, and there are entire galleries in both Hanover and Munich devoted to the martyrdoms of hecatombs of suffering saints as depicted by the *meistermalers* of old Germany. The whole lot of them are dark of palette and squeamish about flesh, if not altogether allergic.

In all these respects, Max Beckmann is the most German of Germans, and the Museum of Modern Art has been consistent in promoting him as its favorite German modernist. Out at the museum's temporary setting in Queens, Beckmann is featured through September 29. And back in 1964, fourteen years after his death, the museum offered a Beckmann retrospective. For decades afterward the little yellow catalogue for that show haunted my bookshelves, daring me to declare myself a philistine by disliking him.

As it happens, I did like other painters of the same era and tendency—Klee for his playful scrimshaws; the festive geometries of the Blue Rider group: Kandinsky, Marc, Jawlensky; the buccaneering brushwork of Nolde and Kirchner. The German Expressionists had the energy and audacity of teenage garage bands and the ephemeral messiness, too. If you are still young enough yourself to be responsive to primal howling in primary colors, then you should head for the Neue Gallerie on Fifth Avenue, which is hosting German Expressionism through September 15.

Thomas M. Disch is a poet, novelist, and art critic.

But Beckmann is another story. There are excellent artists from all nations who are characteristically dour, morose, emotionally chill, or otherwise thorny: Rouault, Soutine, Giacometti, Rothko, Bacon—to mention a few who are *not* German. Even more than that lot, however, Beckmann seemed intent from an early age to paint the bleakest, bluntest, murkiest vision of human life his brush could scrub on canvas. Check out his 1906 *Small Death Scene* (painted at age twenty-two): a family, all in mourning, whose very faces have been effaced by grief. Or what we might call his "Big Death Scene," the *Sinking of the Titanic* from 1912. Beckmann consciously begs comparison with both Michelangelo's *Last Judgment* and Gericault's *Raft of the Medusa*. But what separates Beckmann from his predecessors is the absence, among all his tumbled figures, of expressive faces or significant body language. The painting is as turbulent—and unfeeling—as the climactic auto chase in a Vin Diesel movie.

Beckmann spent the first months of World War I on the Belgian front with an appetite for all the horrors he could witness. On May 24, 1915, he wrote, "Everywhere I discover deep lines of beauty in the suffering and endurance of this terrible fate." He did not endure it very long. In July he was invalided out of the service by virtue of a nervous breakdown, and in short order he was producing the first paintings of the Beckmann canon, an *Adam and Eve*, a *Deposition*, and a *Christ and the Woman Taken in Adultery*. All three are grotesque variations on traditional Christian iconography in a style that might be called faux echt Deutsch. The Christ being taken down from the cross is skeletally gaunt and warped by

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rigor mortis, while the mourners at the scene are gnomes from a children's storybook. His Adam is bug-eyed but not at all well-endowed; his Eve is naked rather than nude, an incitement *not* to eat the apple. Yet what makes these paintings stick in the craw of memory is a quality they share with the imagery of Grünewald and Breughel: their insistence that spiritual truths must have their roots in human frailty; that saints, even Jesus Himself, may look demented; that legendary temptresses might pass for streetwalkers. In short, that history is a long nightmare endlessly repeated—a lesson that not a few artists took from the carnage of the Great War.

After those three paintings from 1917, Beckmann did not often take on explicitly religious themes but chose to depict the cruelties of the world in allegorical tableaux of his own invention. The first full-scale effort along these lines, and probably his most memorable work, is *The Night* of 1918-19. It shows a mildly cubist garret room in which a family is being tortured, the father simultaneously garroted and having his arm broken, the mother bound and raped, a daughter pleading for mercy. The central torturer is a pipe-smoking businessman with a bandaged head; his companion, eyes hidden by his visored cap, glowers. The style is faux naive, but the thrust of the painting is ambiguous. This is no *Guernica*, a pacifist tract in oils. This is Everyman and his family being savaged by Everyman and his henchmen.

It helped that he did not have a political agenda. His brushwork and knotty compositions were enough for his contemporaries to suppose, at a glance, that whatever he was saying must reflect their own thoughts and opinions. It was no fault of his politics that Nazis would eventually feature his paintings as the chief exemplars of "Degenerate Art" and confiscate hundreds of his canvases from all over Germany (his success during the 1920s had been meteoric, his production prodigious). Even such a Nazi sympathizer as Emil Nolde found himself interdicted just because he was an Expressionist. But for the short span of the Weimar Republic, Beckmann was applauded as the new Dürer, the artist who defined the Germanness of German art.

All pictures: CORBIS.

Max Beckmann's Self-Portrait in Tuxedo *(1927)*

It was a role he gloried in, and played with insufferable pomposity. Despite a predilection for liturgical art (both for the grand scale of altarpieces, as well as the fact that it could function as an object of adoration), he was no Christian, unless Madame Blavatsky's brand of theosophy counts. Blavatsky's system suited his purpose exactly, allowing him to strike portentous poses, as sage and mystic, and then cloak himself in mythopoeic fog. This did not much diminish his accomplishment as a painter of landscapes, still-lifes, and self-portraits, but it represents a great stumbling block in approaching what he and his disciples considered his masterpieces. These allegorical fantasmagorias, often in triptych form, cobble together Jungian archetypes, S&M scenarios, and circus theatrics in a mix that would set the standard for a style of High Bohemian Pomp for decades to come.

Beckmann's chief apologist, and the curator of the latest Beckmann show, Robert Storr, offers in the introduction to the exhibition's catalogue the usual postmodern apology of aporia for the intellectual incoherence of Beckmann's paintings: "In every respect their elusive symbols and taut but unstable pictorial structure juxtapose antithetical terms . . . There is no prospect that the painter will release the viewers from the discomfort these contradictions may cause or shortcut their engagement by easing the tension or handing over the keys to his semiotic codes."

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Left panel of Beckmann's The Actors

In other words, Storr can't unriddle these "allegories" any better than the rest of us, and he won't be drawn into trying to do so. This is not to say that Beckmann can't be interpreted, only that one must seek other decoder rings than the ones he provides. Perhaps Beckmann's most significant paintings are his self-portraits, which the Museum of Modern Art's show features in all its publicity material. Beckmann could never leave off gazing into a mirror at the mystery of himself. He was not a very good-looking fellow, thickening at an early age into the stereotype of a German burgher—with, in all his photographs, a stolid, glowering gaze.

Had he appeared on *What's My Line?* no one would ever have guessed painter, and only in the very early *Self-Portrait with Red Scarf* did he represent himself in that role. Rather, he depicts himself as bon vivant, as sailor, as musician, as clown—always with the same stony face, and the same wonderfully expressive, blunt-fingered hands. Mannerists of all ages, from El Greco to Sargent, vaunted themselves on elegance in the handicraft of crafting hands, usually by emphasizing delicacy and a graceful limpness. Beckmann's hands are just the opposite. They are the blunt instruments that have created his paintings, in much the same way (we might imagine) as Shakespeare's Lavinia spells out the names of her rapists, using her bleeding stumps. There is no allegory involved, simply an urgent declaration, congruent with the other elements of his style, that he is dealing in elemental matters: blood and guts, sex and violence—id stuff. Beckmann denied being an "Expressionist," out of a regard for the singularity of his genius. By the same token he consistently bad-mouthed Picasso and Matisse and every other French artist younger than van Gogh. But no one more completely embodied the Zeitgeist of Expressionism.

Zeitgeist embodiers have a different and lesser fame than geniuses. They are a bit like idiot savants, capable of prodigious feats of artistry for which they don't seem entirely responsible. No one can approach them for expressing the gist of their era. Who could *decide* to be Watteau? Or Warhol? Or Beckmann? They are the ripe fruit of their time and place, effortlessly prolific, but rather dull in servings as large as a retrospective, for they have, essentially, one message. In Beckmann's case, that message was: *SOS! SOS! SOS!*

Despite his ringside seat at world history—he was persecuted by the Nazis, stuck in Amsterdam from 1937 through 1947, and out of the loop from other celebrity exiles in America—Beckmann's bio is not the stuff of legends. For years he prospered, without once smiling. He married twice, the second time to a chic and adoring manager of a wife, Quappi. He avoided the kind of dubious celebrity granted to Picasso and Dali, and limped through his last years in the United States, the relic of an unfashionable era the whole world was trying to forget. He had few followers here and no sympathy for the abstract expressionists, who were enjoying the noon of their success when Beckmann died of a heart attack on his way to the Metropolitan Museum in 1950.

One can't imagine anyone ever making a movie of the life, and I doubt he'd have been a good companion at the dinner table. But he is accounted *the* German painter of the twentieth century by those in charge of such scoreboards, and little as I like the man I can sense behind the pictures, the scorekeepers may be right. In any case, he certainly knew how to paint, and this second retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art is worth the trip to Queens. ♦

Right panel of Beckmann's The Actors

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"Someone's removed the appendix."

Books in Brief

***How Ronald Reagan Changed My Life* by Peter Robinson (HarperCollins, 263 pp., $24.95).** Recent years have seen a number of books about the fortieth president, but Peter Robinson's *How Ronald Reagan Changed My Life* offers something different: Instead of a biography or a conservative call to arms, Robinson gives an analysis of why Reagan was such an effective leader and presents ten life-lessons he learned from the president.

Robinson served as a speechwriter under Reagan and is best known for writing the 1987 Brandenburg Gate speech, in which Reagan asked Gorbachev to "tear down this wall." Robinson describes the effort that went into the speech. His earliest versions included "tear down this wall," but the State Department officials raised objections at every turn. Robinson was often frustrated with these pragmatists. He says, however, that an important lesson he learned from Reagan was that in order to accomplish anything, one has to be respectful and forgiving of others.

Forgiveness is only one of the many lessons that Robinson learned from Ronald Reagan. Robinson also learned much from Reagan's optimism, his relationship with his wife, and his faith. Reagan's belief in simple policy solutions allowed him to focus on what was important. Reagan's willingness to act gave him the courage both to intervene in Grenada and to launch the Strategic Defense Initiative.

Conservatives invest a lot of time trying to convince others of the merits of their ideas. But Robinson demonstrates that it was not only Reagan's ideas but also his personal characteristics that enabled him to change policy—and Robinson suggests that all of us can learn from the characteristics that made Reagan's presidency one of the most successful in history.

—Michael J. New

***The Last Alchemist: Count Cagliostro, Master of Magic in the Age of Reason* by Iain McCalman (HarperCollins, 272 pp., $25.95).** In this peppy biography, Iain McCalman breathes new life into Giuseppe Balsamo, a Sicilian thug who began to style himself Count Cagliostro in 1779 at the age of thirty-six. When he was not in jail or on the run, Cagliostro wined, dined, and copulated with the rich and famous as well as opening pharmacies for the indigent. In 1795, he died in a papal prison, but his legendary exploits did not die with him. McCalman follows their spoor through movies, comic books, and bestselling pulp fiction; he also touches upon the fascination Cagliostro has exercised over such thinkers as Thomas Carlyle, Walter Benjamin, and Umberto Eco.

Cagliostro owed the highs and lows of his international career to the street smarts he acquired in Palermo, to which he added an aptitude for the pharmacology he was taught by Sicilian monks and by the Knights Hospitallers of Saint John in Malta. As a pupil, Cagliostro was generally well-behaved, although bad temper, overweening ambitions, and a blasphemous vulgarity frequently proved troublesome. But the ersatz count seems to have had a genuine gift for alternative medicine and a commitment to the mumbo-jumbo that accompanies it.

He was also, however, an uncompromising quack who milked the avidity for magico-mysticism that afflicted all classes during the Enlightenment. The count peddled an extraordinary farrago that included nostrums, cabalism, alchemy, zoroastrianism, seances, conjuring tricks, mesmerism, and, above all, freemasonry. Catherine the Great proved immediately suspicious. By contrast, the king of Poland was charmed.

Despite a prose that lurches from chatty to wooden to purple, *The Last Alchemist* offers a narrative that is curious, diverting and instructive. McCalman's handling of the Affair of Queen Marie Antoinette's Necklace (inevitably, the count managed to get mixed up in one of the century's great scams) is gripping and his chronicle of Cagliostro's unusual married life is genuinely touching.

—Hugh Ormsby-Lennon

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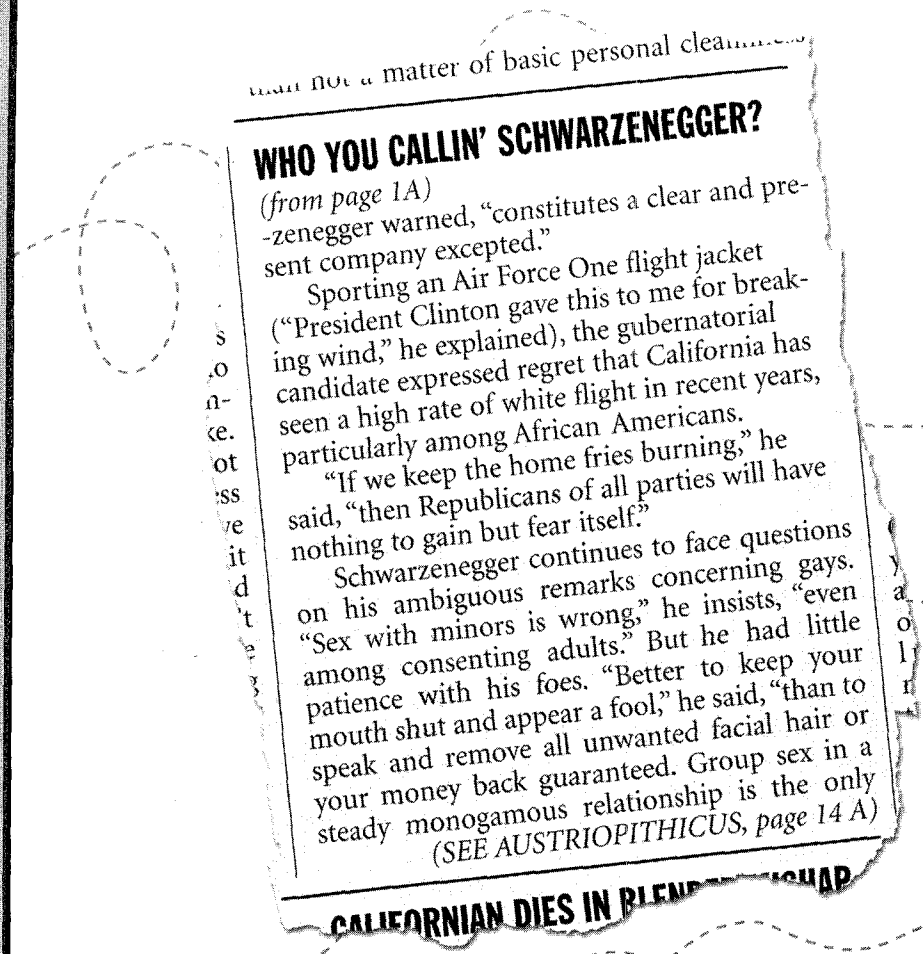
Parody

***HANNITY:* Do you support gay marriage?**
***SCHWARZENEGGER:* I do support domestic partnership.**
***HANNITY:* But not gay marriage?**
***SCHWARZENEGGER:* No. I think that gay marriage is something that should be between a man and a woman.**
–From "Hannity & Colmes," Fox News, August 27, 2003



than not a matter of basic personal clea

WHO YOU CALLIN' SCHWARZENEGGER?

(from page 1A)

-zenegger warned, "constitutes a clear and present company excepted."

Sporting an Air Force One flight jacket ("President Clinton gave this to me for breaking wind," he explained), the gubernatorial candidate expressed regret that California has seen a high rate of white flight in recent years, particularly among African Americans.

"If we keep the home fries burning," he said, "then Republicans of all parties will have nothing to gain but fear itself."

Schwarzenegger continues to face questions on his ambiguous remarks concerning gays. "Sex with minors is wrong," he insists, "even among consenting adults." But he had little patience with his foes. "Better to keep your mouth shut and appear a fool," he said, "than to speak and remove all unwanted facial hair or your money back guaranteed. Group sex in a steady monogamous relationship is the only

(SEE AUSTRIOPITHICUS, page 14 A)

CALIFORNIAN DIES IN BLEND

the weekly Standard

SEPTEMBER 15, 2003

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Professionalizing the Profession

Chester E. Finn Jr. is a senior fellow at the *Hoover Institution*; chairman of Hoover's Koret Task Force on K–12 Education; and president of the Thomas B. Fordham Foundation.

[illegible] published its [illegible] report, *A Nation at Risk*, in 1983, [illegible] one of its foremost concerns. Shoddy preparation, shortages in key fields, and the inability to attract academically able people were just a few of the issues raised by the report. The commission made several recommendations to address these concerns, including higher teacher standards, performance-based pay, and alternative certification. Yet twenty years later, **what started as an effort to improve the teaching profession has turned instead into professionalizing teacher improvement**, with little to show in the way of improved school performance.

A Nation at Risk viewed teachers as crucial workers in an underperforming industry—U.S. schools. Almost before the ink was dry, however, Americans were presented with another view from a different report, *A Nation Prepared: Teachers for the 21st Century.* This report said that teachers should *shape* school improvement, not merely be its instruments, and also shifted from the view that teachers should impart knowledge and skills to their students to the view that they should help children "learn how to learn."

A Nation Prepared was sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation, which had powerful allies with great staying power, political clout, and deep pockets. As a result, its teacher professionalization recommendations have gained more traction than the reform strategies policies urged in *A Nation at Risk.*

Among these professionalizing legacies is an alphabet soup of new groups such as the National Board for Professional Teaching Standards (NBPTS) [illegible] Accreditation of Teacher Education (NCATE) that dictats how teachers are trained, licensed, and deployed. Nearly every state now has a partnership with NCATE, giving it power to shape and approve certification programs. Half the states and many districts offer salary increases per the recommendations of the NBPTS. And sixteen states have created "professional" teacher standards boards that are insulated from the influence of elected officials and taxpayers.

For all the political and budgetary resources that have gone into professionalizing teaching, however, we have seen few results in the classroom. Pupil performance today is no better than it was twenty years ago. Professionalization has also crippled other worthy education reforms, especially those based on choice and standards.

Resistance to results-free professionalism may be growing. Alternative certification programs, charter schools, and programs such as Teach for America are proving to be popular, effective, and free of the union-dominated cartel arrangements from which the professionalizers draw strength. Skeptics are proliferating, too, now including U.S. education secretary Rod Paige, whose 2002 report on teacher quality explained that raising teacher standards is only part of the solution; states must also tear down the wall that keeps many talented individuals out of the profession.

Such talk alarms the professionalizers, who have grown accustomed to friends (and funds) in Washington. The funny thing is, Secretary Paige's advice is similar to that provided by the National Commission back in 1983. Maybe this time we will heed it and focus on boosting teachers' effectiveness instead of endlessly professionalizing them.

— Chester E. Finn Jr.

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

Interested in reading more?

***Contact us to receive a complimentary copy of chapter one, the* Findings and Recommendations of the Koret Task Force on K–12 Education.**

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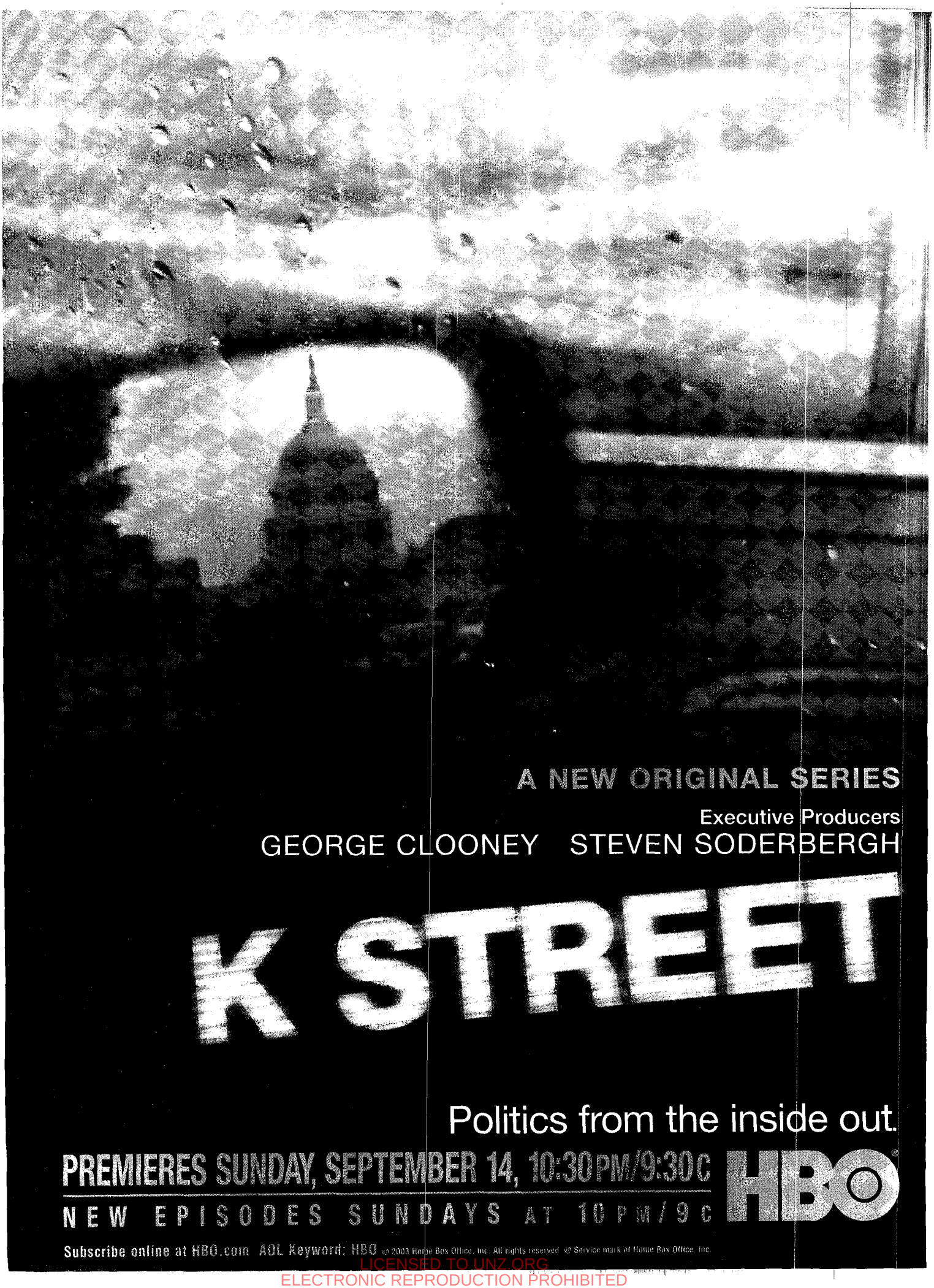

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